

LEAGUE OF ASSASSINS

The World-Wide Conspiracy of the Black Dragon Exposed

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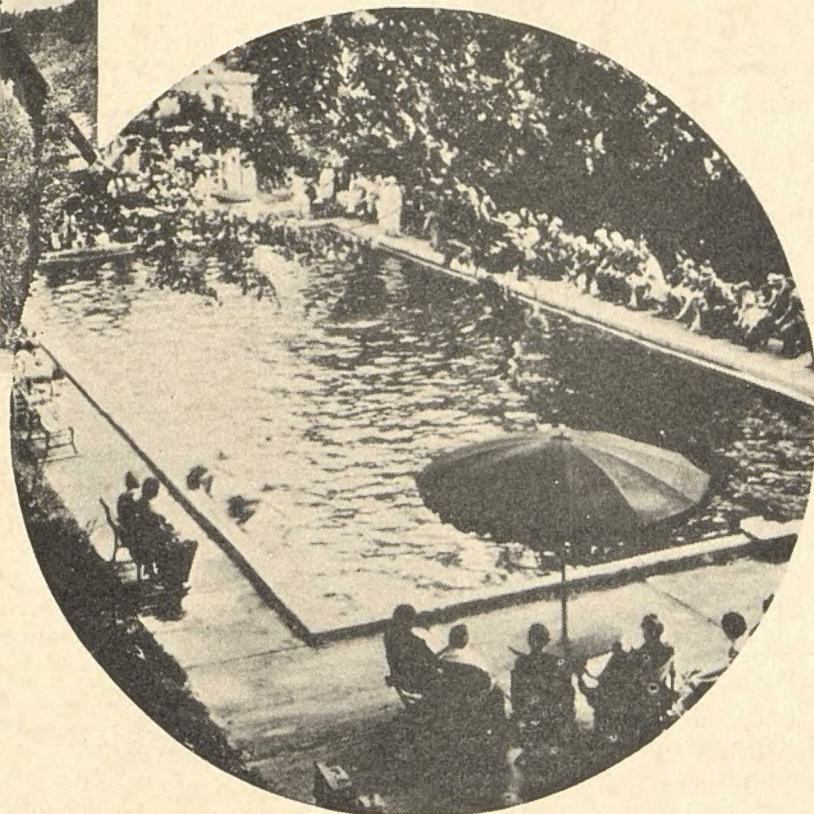
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LEAGUE OF ASSASSINS

The World-Wide Conspiracy of the Black Dragon Exposed—Is This Dread Secret Society Forcing Its Way into the United States?

by
**FRANK C.
HANIGHEN**

READING TIME • 13 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

EVERY now and then the spotlight of world news is focused on assassinations in Japan, but it fails to light up a very menacing fact behind these bloody deeds:

When an assassin plunges his dagger into the heart of a Japanese elder statesman, he is acting under orders of a secret society, the Black Dragon, whose object is to bring death and destruction to the white race.

Nor is that all. The same dread society is the directing genius which guides similar clans in China, the Philippines, Ethiopia, the Caribbean; and its color bias is spread even among the colored people of the United States. It has united yellow- and dark-skinned races of the world in a bloody secret war against the whites.

This incredible stab-in-the-dark organization really exists. It is not a product of the imagination of Japanese Sunday-supplement writers. When it first started to operate, the Japanese man in the street listened to the rumors about it and shook his head unbelievably. Not so today!

Listen to what Mme. Kikou Yamata, daughter of a high official of Japan and author of many books published in the Occident about her native country, has to say of it. Mme. Yamata relates how, in 1932, she received a visit from a prominent Japanese. He told her of the Black

Dragon, to which he belonged, and of its plan. "We have a black list of thirty high personages," he declared. Mme. Yamata smiled incredulously and said, "I suppose Premier Inukai is one of them?" "Oh, of course," her informant assured her. "He will be killed." Three weeks later all Japan was aroused by the assassination of Premier Inukai. Mme. Yamata ceased to be a skeptic. So have other Japanese.

As well they might! For a Japanese can thoroughly understand why it seems to some of his countrymen necessary to rub out the life of a cabinet minister. Japanese believe, correctly or incorrectly, that the governing clique of politicians who surround the Em-

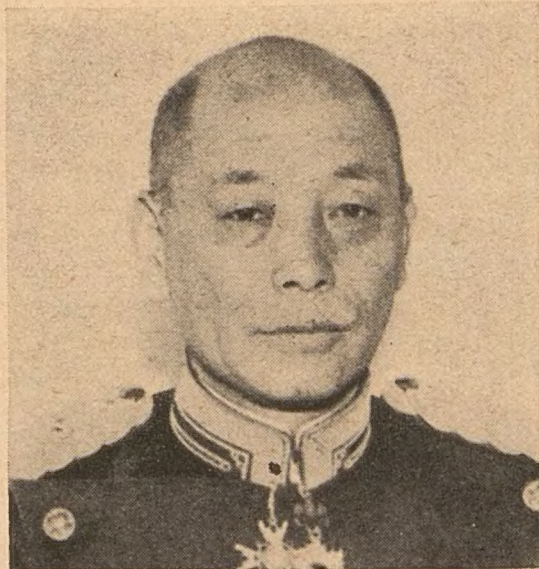
peror refuse to let the Son of Heaven hear of the wrongs of the common man. The only method, some subjects feel, that will rivet the attention of the ruler on their complaints is a sensational murder of one of his council.

A Japanese can comprehend the existence and power of one Anonemo. This name is, of course, fictitious, but the man it designates is real enough, and is known as the most sinister figure in Japanese life.

Anonemo is the actual head of the Black Dragon. For the leader of an organization so efficiently murderous, he has far more inconsistencies than many of his politician victims. For example, he is a Buddhist monk, embracing



Viscount Saito, assassinated by the Black Dragon last February.



Colonel Denzo Matsuo, mistaken by assassins for Premier Okada.



Premier Inukai. He tried to argue the Dragon out of butchering him.

BERNARR MACFADDEN, PUBLISHER

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EDITOR IN CHIEF

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WM. MAURICE FLYNN, MANAGING EDITOR

Attacking Business— A Horrible, Devastating Blunder

THE present officials of the administration are boasting of what they have accomplished with their work and other relief funds. They tell us the country has been helped through one of the most trying periods in history—that hundreds of cities and towns were saved from bankruptcy. And there is no question as to the truthfulness of these statements.

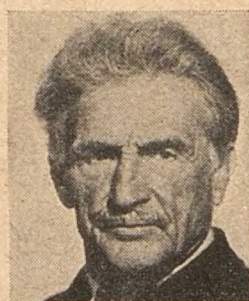
But what was the cause of the calamitous needs requiring all this relief? Was it the natural result of the depression, or was it due to the stagnation of business produced by insisting on reform before recovery and by the foolish attack made on business by this administration almost from the beginning of its tenure of office?

Business is the source and support of everything associated with what we call civilization. It has brought us from a nation of pioneer backwoodsmen to our present status as a highly civilized nation. Every job, almost regardless of its nature, is the product of business. And when a government attacks those who make jobs, the automatic result of such a procedure is an increase in unemployment.

It is this administration's wild fanatical wasteful management, marked by the most glaring inefficiency, together with a challenging climax in the form of an attack on business generally, that caused the unparalleled increase in the necessity for work and other relief for which the present administration claims so much credit. Our incompetent officials must assume the onus for this appalling disaster that struck down millions of our people. It was their attack on business that destroyed the confidence of business men generally.

Why should a business man add to his investment, try to promote his business, endeavor to add to his list of employees, if there was no possible chance of receiving a reward for his additional efforts? If he even feared that the business he had already acquired, in many cases through a lifetime of hard work, might be taken from him, what chance would there be for making him believe in the future safety of his property?

Proof that has been passed on by several statisti-



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cal organizations definitely brought out the damning fact that in the first five months of the Roosevelt administration, during which time there were no school-boys' fanciful theories operating, there was a greater improvement in business and a greater upturn toward normalcy than there had ever been in any previous five months during the entire history of the country.

But facts like these mean nothing to the officials of an administration that rushes headlong in a made-to-order plan. They do not believe in experiments; their plans were permanent as far as they were concerned; and mountains of evidence might

have been produced as to their failure—automatically such proof was ignored.

President Roosevelt said in the beginning of his administration that he would be willing to experiment. But an experiment is in the nature of a test. You try out something, and you determine from the results whether or not it is worth continuing.

But no experiments of this kind have been conducted by the Washington officials. They form plans—definite permanent plans that they determine to carry out regardless of the outcome.

Notwithstanding the flood of proof as to the inefficiency of the NRA and the AAA, it was only the United States Supreme Court that stopped this calamitous legislation. It would have gone on—enslaved business, regimented our people, possibly under the rule of a tyrannical ignorant dictator—if the highest court in the land had not helped us.

The present officials are boasting of the billions they have spent—which the workers will have to pay in future years in high taxes—to relieve a situation that they alone brought on by their inconceivably foolish attack upon business.

Business is just as important to this nation as food and drink is to the human body. And every effort that retards it in any way affects the entire nation and increases the unemployment evil, which was definitely demonstrated by the three-year record of the NRA, which increased unemployment by more than two millions.

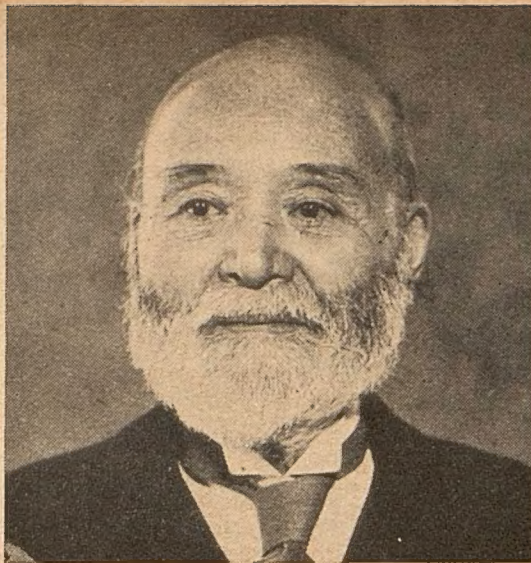
Bernarr Macfadden

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Published weekly by Macfadden Publications, Incorporated, 1926 Broadway, Lincoln Square, New York, N. Y. Editorial and Advertising Offices, Chanin Building, 122 East 42d Street, New York, N. Y. Entered as second-class matter June 28, 1927, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1936, by Macfadden Publications, Incorporated, in the United States, Great Britain, and Canada. All rights reserved. In the United States, Canada, Newfoundland, and Labrador, 5¢ a copy, \$2.00 a year. In U. S. possessions, Cuba, Mexico, Haiti, Dominican Republic, Spain and possessions, and Central and South American countries, excepting British Honduras, British, Dutch, and French Guiana, \$2.50 a year. In all other countries, \$5.00 a year. Contributors are especially advised to be sure to retain copies of their contributions, otherwise they are taking an unnecessary risk. Every effort will be made to return unavailable manuscripts, photographs, and drawings (if accompanied by first-class postage), but we will not be responsible for any losses of such matter contributed.



General Sadao Araki, a militarist who openly heralds world conquest.



Takahashi, Minister of Finance, one of February's Dragon victims.



Razza, Italy's Minister of Public Works. His death was "accidental."

a creed which preaches nonresistance and peace; yet he is the main stem of a murder gang. Like a true Buddhist, he attacks the money power; yet his society is reputed to be immensely wealthy. And although the Black Dragon is made up mainly of hot-blooded youth, Anonemo is eighty years old.

But what stands out convincingly for the Japanese is Anonemo's hatred of the white race.

This is what counts. Any Japanese who has worked, for instance, in New York as a butler, or who has studied in one of our universities, inevitably returns to his native land with an acute memory of the condescensions and slights which he has received from white folk. Anonemo, who studied in Europe and America in his youth, is a real symbol of this attitude. He knows English, French, and German, yet he boasts that he never soils his lips speaking these unclean tongues. Sitting in a temple composing exalted verses on the destiny of the Japanese race, he seems a prophetic figure. When he dips his paintbrush in a dish of human blood and traces artistically the characters which spell the death warrant of a statesman who has shown weakness toward the white race, he assumes the guise of a flaming avenger.

THE names of the subsidiary secret societies which take orders from the parent Black Dragon reflect vividly these strong feelings of the Japanese. Some examples: the *Aikyo juku*, Love of Native Soil; the *Kodo kai*, or Voice of the Emperor, whose motto is, "Kill without quarter"; the *Kinki kekkokai*, Barrier of Empire; the *Mei rin kai*, etc., etc. Many of these arose to take the place of the *Ketsu-mei-dan*, or League of Blood, which was responsible for the murder of Premier Inukai and was suppressed by the police.

Their list of victims is impressive. There was Premier Hamaguchi, who made the mistake of accepting a plan for naval reduction after a London conference. His Minister of Foreign Affairs, Shidehara, was wounded. Premier Inukai, who displayed peaceful tendencies, was slain, as was Baron Dan, manager of the great firm of Mitsui & Company and considered the outstanding figure of hated big business. General Nagata's name was added to the list, and so on down to the wholesale slaughter of last February, when Takahashi, Viscount Saito, Colonel Denzo Matsuo—Premier Okada's brother-in-law, who looked like and was mistaken for the premier—and many others were murdered in one great plot.

There have been many terrorist executions of minor officials, and the warning letters sent and the abortive attempts at assassination have been almost innumerable. Maurice Percheron, French student of Japanese affairs, recently interviewed the Tokyo chief of police, who said, "There have been at least five hundred plots a year which we have foiled. If we weren't the best police in the world, we would have a record of one hundred assassinations a month."

The reason why the police have been able to prevent

so many assassinations is that none of these murderous attempts, successful or unsuccessful, is made without a warning to the victim. The warning is sent, not by an informer or a stool pigeon, but directly by the Black Dragon or a subsidiary society. This seems, at first, rather clumsy. In fact it is quite logical. For the Black Dragon, while it may consider a certain minister treasonable in his actions, still hopes that he will mend his ways and become an instrument for the pan-Japanese policy which it advocates. The assassins give him a chance. If he fails to meet their expectations in his policy, he is marked for death.

Premier Inukai had received many warnings. One letter was accompanied by a dagger as a hint to him to commit *hara-kiri*. But Inukai was prepared to die for his convictions. When members of the Blood League entered his room, he did not reach for a revolver or call for help. He only, with typical Japanese politeness, asked them to remove their shoes—as is the custom in Japan when one welcomes visitors. Then, as a last futile gesture, he tried to persuade them that they were wrong in their opinion of him. When he finished his speech, he extinguished his water pipe, opened his arms and received the stabs of his executioners.

The assassins of Inukai were said to have gone through an elaborate ritual before the murder, mixing blood from each member of the group in a dish, then tipping their daggers with it. The ceremony was climaxed by every one swearing by the motto of the society: "We are the descendants of the gods; we must rule the world."

These, in fact, are the very sentiments of General Araki, formerly Minister of War. Note the following speech which Araki made a few years ago: "The whites have made the nations of Asia objects of oppression, pure and simple. Imperial Japan cannot and ought not to let their impudence go long unpunished. Our country is determined to propagate its national ideal across the seven seas, to extend and expand it over the five continents of the earth, even if it is necessary to use force to do so. Or this extract from a manual used by young Japanese officers: "Japan has the right to make war on nations which possess too much territory. Example: take Australia from Great Britain, Siberia from Russia, etc." Or this report of Baron Tanaka to the Mikado: "To conquer China, we must first conquer Manchuria and Mongolia. And to conquer the world, we must first conquer China."

These words were prophetic. Manchuria has been conquered. The attack on Mongolia is in progress. And conquest of China and the world, fantastic as it may seem, is being prepared. For the Black Dragon Society does not confine its activities to Japan. It has its foreign branches and it conspires throughout Asia and everywhere in the world where races of color clash with the whites.

In China there is a secret society called Hung. Its members are entirely Chinese. On the surface Hung is

democratically composed. The initiated members elect, in each district or city, a governing triumvirate, three members who are called the Koh, the Hiong, and the Thi. But according to the researches of a French expert on Oriental affairs, Louis Delaprée, writing in the Paris *Intransigeant*, these provincial Hung directors take their orders from a supreme triumvirate. And of the three superdirectors, two are Japanese and only one Chinese. One of the Japanese is Sashu Inouye, a lieutenant of Toyama.

How well Hung carries out Japanese-inspired movements was illustrated last year in Manchuria. There the Chinese, presumably hostile to the race which conquered them, were nevertheless incited by Hung members to join in a general boycott of the goods of all white nations. Hung has supported all the boycotts of Western goods in China in the last ten years and has played a considerable part in the Chinese antiwhite Kuomintang policy. It is alleged that Hung has been at the bottom of murders of American and English missionaries.

This Chinese organization carries the stamp of the Black Dragon in its ritual. In Hung, as in the Japanese society, the blood oath is important. The new Hung member must kneel under three swords held above him and swear: "I swear to recognize neither father, mother, brother, sister, wife, nor child—only Hung." Then he cuts off the head of a cock and catches its blood in a dish, pronouncing these words: "Just as surely as a white soul resides in this white cock, it resides in me; as surely as I have no fear of cutting off the head of a white cock with a white soul, will I lose my head if I am disloyal. As surely as this cock has lost its head, all those who show themselves disloyal to our society will lose theirs." After this he pricks his finger with a sword and lets three drops of blood drip in a dish.

Hung is a curious compote of Japanese, Chinese, and even American traits. Hung in Chinese means "triumvirate." There are three oaths in its ritual and three passwords, besides the three masters. Hung members operate much as do our American racketeers. They sell, under threat of death, to Chinese tradesmen the right to display a plaque of three Chinese characters which mean, "You can have pleasure and happiness."

HUNG has been active not only in China but also in our Philippines, in Malaya and the Dutch East Indies—wherever Chinese settle and trade. Recently Hung has been the cause of severe racial disturbances in French Indo-China. Its greatest power there is via the Chinese moneylenders (all forced to pay tribute to Hung), who have obviously great influence over their debtors, the poor native farmers and tradesmen. It is credited with smuggling arms, inciting rebellion among native chiefs in remote corners of the colony, and even with spreading counterfeit money. All this is designed to make the white masters "lose face" before their subjects of color. "Losing face," Hung leaders believe, is the best preparation for the expulsion of the white race from Asia.

While the French were trying to combat Hung in these colonies last summer, Mussolini had to fight off an assault on his forces in Eritrea by the Black Dragon itself. This was an audacious attempt to handicap the whites in the Italo-Ethiopian war.

On August 6, 1935, an Italian military plane piloted by experienced aviators and carrying as passengers Luigi Razza, Minister of Public Works, his secretary, and Baron Raimondo Franchetti, famous Italian explorer, left Rome for Eritrea. The plane, apparently in splendid working order, stopped a night at Cairo. The next morning it hopped off for Asmara. Ten minutes later it crashed. All the occupants were burned to death.

To all appearances, just another airplane accident. However, the importance of one passenger, together with many rumors, pointed to a sensational solution.

The most important person in the plane was not the Minister of Public Works, but Baron Franchetti. This man was an expert on Ethiopia. He had traveled extensively in the interior for years and knew the terrain and people. He had spent much time making friends with various *rases* who were hostile to the Emperor Haile Selassie. Franchetti came to be valued highly by Mussolini. When the war started, he was expected to become an Italian Colonel Lawrence in leading a revolt in the Ethiopian desert.

His departure for Eritrea was kept a dead secret in Rome and precautions were taken at the airdrome. But in Cairo there were no faithful blackshirts to guard the plane. When it burned, documents and plans which Franchetti was carrying were destroyed. Pure accident?

Speculation about the episode was fed by evidence of Japanese intrigue. A Japanese merchant, Kanimura, was expelled from Eritrea shortly before war broke out. He had been selling goods to Italy's native troops, and had been allowing them preposterous credits.

FRANK C. HANIGHEN is a qualified observer of international affairs, for he has been in Europe as a news correspondent of the *New York Post*. At present he is a freelance contributor to leading magazines and newspapers, American, English, and French, that interpret world developments. He is the author of *Santa Anna and the Secret War for Oil*, and co-author of *Merchants of Death*.



THE native soldiers reported that he had told them that the Italian commissariat was serving them rations which contained pork—"unclean" flesh according to Islam. The news was designed to cause a mutiny. But the Italian secret service was alert, and Kanimura's intrigues failed.

Almost at the same time the French secret service was investigating a plot which bore the traces of the Black Dragon. American newspapers last year gave some space to dispatches from the Caribbean, where Martinique, the French colony, experienced some severe race riots. French marines had to be landed. The immediate cause of the outbreak was the discovery of a native's corpse, throat cut and arms and feet tied.

Paris papers ran a more extended version. The natives who found the corpse were approached by a Chinese (Japanese, by other accounts) peddler who suggested that the dead man was the victim of white plantation owners—who at the time were engaged in a bitter dispute with the native workers about wages in the sugar fields. The same Oriental had been spreading propaganda among the blacks for some time. He had told them that their worship of voodoo was akin to that of the Chinese society Hung; also that Hung and the Black Dragon societies would help them in a world-wide liberation of colored people from the yoke of the whites. French authorities hunted for him, but he had disappeared.

There is no proof that the Japanese society or any of its affiliates is actually working in this country. But observers of the wide struggle against the white race cannot overlook the pan-Negro cults and organizations which have sprung up in our large cities. Father Divine's society may be of the most harmless sort, but it has a basis which could make it fertile ground for more dangerous growths.

An ominous piece of news is even better authenticated than the rumors of Japanese agents along the Panama Canal or in the fishing fleets of Los Angeles harbor. The Japanese newspaper *Osaka Mainichi* not long ago announced that a Mr. S. S. Firestone, representing an American organization for the protection of Negroes against white discrimination, was planning to take about 500 well-to-do Negroes on a tour to Japan. Says the *Mainichi*:

"The trip should enable the blacks, persecuted in America, to study the reasons which have permitted the Japanese to accomplish such great works in the last seventy-five years. The American Negroes ever since the Russo-Japanese War have felt a strong sympathy for Japan. An oppressed people, they are looking for a way of safety."

Is this a sign that the Black Dragon is extending a hand to Harlem?

THE END

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29 MINUTES 10 SECONDS



Rain ON THE RIVER

RAIN was on the river. August rain, striking at a long slant against the dull silver of the St. Lawrence, sent little shoots of spray flying like dust across the flat expanse of water. The island opposite was a ragged blur of green against the grayness, with the white shape of the Wyndams' houseboat thrust out clearly from the green; and far down the river the distant islands formed a misty dark chain indistinguishable from the mainland that was Canada.

"Wind's from the southwest," Neal Harden said to himself. "It ought to clear. I'll get an hour's fishing before supper."

He turned from the window, from the stormy beauty of the river to the cheerful human commonplace of the living room in which he stood. It was a long room extending across the entire front of the large incredibly ugly frame castle that Bill Salter's father had built in the days when the Thousand Islands still were in their glory.

by DANA
BURNETT



Neal cleared the line. "The chances are a hundred to one that Mr. Bass won't be there."

Bill Salter had married Neal's older sister Marian twenty years ago this summer—the year that Neal had entered Yale. It had been a good marriage for Marian, for Bill Salter not only was wealthy—he was also a fine, sound, kindly gentleman. Neal was genuinely fond of his sister and her husband; yet this was his first visit to the lovely wooded island that composed their summer world.

A young man just out of college cannot, as a rule, afford vacations; and then, of course, after his marriage, Dorothy had preferred Narragansett, Easthampton, Bar Harbor.

"But you must come this year," Marian had written to Neal early in June, "now that you and Dorothy have broken at last. As an architect you should see this gingerbread palace that Bill has inherited. But I can offer

you good food, a good bed, a fishing boat that's too slow for the kids to snitch away from you, and of course there's the river."

There was the river, which Neal had learned to love and respect in all its moods; and there was this long, dark-paneled room whose very ugliness he had come to cherish. He smiled as he surveyed it now, with the fire warming it and the youngsters sprawled about, digesting their noon dinners. In front of the great stone fireplace the Salter twins—two plump little brown girls—lay flat on their stomachs, working at a picture puzzle. At the living-room table fourteen-year-old Jimmy sat drawing plans for a V-bottom racing boat with which he confidently expected to win the Gold Cup a few vague years hence. And on a ridiculous Victorian sofa in front of the table pretty blonde Alicia, who was just nineteen, lay with a magazine propped open against her raised knees. But she was not reading. She was thinking, Neal guessed, of the nice boy with the fast motorboat who was going to take her to the dance at the yacht club that night.

Suddenly the girl sat up and sailed the magazine into the fireplace. The twins looked up, startled. Alicia laughed.

"It was full of young love," she said.

"Aren't you?" asked Neal, strolling toward her.

Alicia gave him a quick cool glance. "Yes. But it

isn't like any story I've ever read. How do these story writers get that way?"

"What way?"

"So wise," the girl said. "And so sappy."

"Don't ask me; I'm an architect," Neal said, smiling.

But he knew what she meant. He had seen the flicker of troubled resentment in her eyes; and suddenly he had a glimpse of youth, stripped of its modern confidence and careless gaiety, groping its way along the edge of the immemorial abyss of doubt and self-bewilderment, seeking peace, seeking spiritual security. He himself had walked the edge of that abyss.

"Hey, Uncle Neal! How do you draw a curved line without a compass?"

Neal walked over to Jimmy.

"Got a piece of string?"

"Sure, I guess so. Sure," Jimmy said, and produced a fragment of fishing line from the extraordinary resources of his pocket. Neal took the boy's drawing pencil and tied it to one end of the string. "Put your finger on the string at the center of the circle you want to draw. Then move the pencil—keep it as steady as you can and keep the string taut—like this. See?"

"Oh, sure. Gosh! Thanks, Uncle Neal."

"You're welcome," Neal said.

There was a queer ache in his throat. He stood looking down at Jimmy's intently bowed head. This was what he had wanted when he married Dorothy. He knew it now. A room like this, and a good fire against the chill of the weather, and kids whose enormous small problems he could help to solve—from those of the twins with their picture puzzle to Alicia's dawning emotional dilemmas.

Dorothy had not wanted children. "I'd make a rotten mother," she had said to him once with absolute finality; and he had known that it was true. He thought of her now, divorced and remarried to a man who was eminently her equal in selfishness, in fabulous wealth, in reckless expenditure of energy, money, life. Neal's thought of the woman who had been his wife was without bitterness; but there was in him a nagging hurt at his failure to realize his own essential need. Yes, he had walked the edge of the abyss; had known its depth and its darkness.

Bill and Marian came in from the dining room, where they had been lingering over cigarettes and coffee.

"The question before the assembled delegates," Bill said, "is how to spend a rainy Saturday afternoon. I'm for taking a nap, but I could be talked out of it. Mama suggests that we play bridge."

"Don't call me mama," Marian said placidly. She turned to Neal. "We could send a boat over for Claire Wyndam to make a fourth. What do you say, Neal?"

"No," Neal replied quickly—so quickly that the sharp tone of his voice changed subtly the atmosphere of the entire room. Even Alicia sat up and looked at him. Neal felt like a fool. "I'm set on going fishing. Believe it'll clear," he said lamely.

"Wouldn't wonder if it did," Bill said in his kindly booming bass. He put his arm around Marian's waist. "Come on, mama. You'll need your beauty sleep if we're going to the club tonight."

"You bet I'm going," Marian said, and yawned—and then laughed. "I guess I could do with a spot of sleep. Hope you get the big one you missed yesterday, Neal."

"Thanks," Neal said.

BILL and Marian went upstairs to their circular bedroom in the round tower of the incredible Salter castle. There was a wood stove in the room, with a fire going. Marian undressed in front of the stove and put on her nightgown. Bill took off his shoes and his sweater and lay down on the bed beside his wife. She pulled the coverlet over them.

"Why don't you put on your pajamas? You'd be so much more comfortable."

"Too lazy," Bill said.

"Bill, I'm worried about Neal. Do you suppose he's still in love with Dorothy?"

"Don't see how he could be. She was just one of those obnoxious grown-up spoiled brats."

"You talk about her as if she were dead. She isn't. She's very much alive—and she is beautiful."

"Uh-huh," Bill said drowsily.

"It's funny about Claire Wyndam, too. I mean, when Neal first arrived, I thought he seemed interested in her. That first Saturday-night dance at the club, he practically monopolized her. Yet ever since—"

"Hey, listen, mama. I'm as fond of Neal as you are. But we can't fix up his life for him. Move your arm; I want to go to sleep."

Marian moved her arm, and Bill laid his head against

her warm plump shoulder. She stroked his hair gently with her fingers.

"Men are such infants," she murmured. "They don't know what they want."

"What men want is a shoulder like yours, mama."

"Don't call me mama," Marian said.

But Bill was already asleep.

Across the rain-swept space of water between Salter's Island and Wyndam's Point, in her cabin on the houseboat, Claire Wyndam was putting a meager but complete assortment of party clothes into an overnight bag. Her mother came down the corridor and stopped in the open doorway. Mrs. Wyndam was a fair tall woman—almost as tall as Claire—with the same wide sweet mouth and the same wide-spaced blue eyes, but with sheer silver instead of off-shade gold in her hair.

"What are you doing, dear?"

"Packing for the dance tonight. I'm going over to the Salters'. I'll dress there, have dinner with them, then go on to the club in their boat."

"You didn't tell me they'd invited you."

CLAIRE looked around in faint amusement.

"Come to think of it, I haven't been invited."

"But, darling—"

"Heavens, mother, do I need an invitation to go to Bill and Marian's?"

"No, of course not. I just wondered. I thought—"

"What?"

Mrs. Wyndam shook her head; and Claire laughed gently. "I know. You

think I'm pursuing that good-looking brother of Marian's." She paused, then said simply: "Well, I guess I am, in a way." She took her stockings from the bed and laid them painstakingly in the bag. "You see, he kissed me in June. This is August, and he hasn't kissed me since. I'm rather curious to know why."

"Claire! I—I do try to be modern and understand you and all that, but I—"

"Mother, there's nothing modern about it. It's as old as the hills—at least I suppose it is. I've been kissed plenty of times before—as you know—and thought nothing of it. I did rather think something of Neal's kissing me, that night at the club. I don't know why, but I did." She put in her best girdle and closed the bag. "I'd just like to find out what sort of person he really is. I mean—"

"He's a divorced man, isn't he?"

"Thoroughly divorced. And thoroughly sweet, I think. I just don't know whether he's worth falling in love with or not."

Mrs. Wyndam stepped quickly into the room, took her daughter by the arms and stood holding her, looking up a little into the girl's face.

"Claire! I don't care what—what experiments you make. Because I know I can trust you. I know you're sound. But I don't want you to be hurt, darling. I don't—I don't want you to be hurt!"

Claire leaned forward and brushed her mother's cheek with her lips.

"Have you ever known a human being who didn't get hurt, at one time or another?" she asked.

There was a silence during which the two women looked at each other. Then, "No," Mrs. Wyndam said slowly, honestly. "Go ahead with your plans, darling—whatever they are. And good luck to you."

"I haven't any plans," Claire said. "But thanks just the same."

Five minutes later, in oilskin coat and sou'wester hat, carrying her suitcase wrapped in another oilskin, Claire went down the companionway to the sidewalk that ran aft along the hull of the houseboat to where her outboard-motor boat was tied. She dropped down into the boat, shoved her covered suitcase under the stern seat, and cast off.

Without looking up from his drawing, young Jimmy said: "Here comes Claire in her outboard."



Neal was standing in front of the fireplace, filling his pipe. He said nothing, but his hands stopped moving.

One of the twins, scenting a controversy, demanded: "How do you know it's Claire?"

"I can tell by the sound of her motor. I can tell most every boat around here by the sound of its motor."

"Can't either."

"I can! Claire's motor's got a cracked manifold. You can tell it easy."

The high whine of the sound that came from the river died to a low-pitched spluttering, died away. "She's landed at the dock," announced Jimmy with crushing finality.

Neal completed the filling of his pipe. He felt absurdly taut inside himself. It annoyed him that he should have an impulse to walk out of the room.

The door from the porch opened and Claire Wyndam came in. "Hi, everybody!" she said.

"Didn't I tell you?" crowed Jimmy; but his adolescent voice cracked on a treble note that was lost in the general greeting to Claire. The tall girl in glistening oilskins had brought in from the river and the rain a certain excitement, a sense of life and movement that was electric. She dropped her bag by the door, took off her sou'wester, and stood smiling at them all. Her mouth was generous and lovely when she smiled. There were raindrops like little points of light in her rusty-gold hair.

"Hello, Neal," she said.

"Hello. You look a bit damp," Neal said, and walked over to help her off with her coat. Claire laughed.

"It's a damp world. But I think it'll improve. I noticed a patch of blue sky in the west."

"Did you really?" Neal turned at once to the window, and Claire, wearing dark-brown slacks and a brown sweater, with a dull-yellow scarf knotted about her throat, walked over to the sofa and sat down by Alicia. The two girls linked hands.

"Where are Marian and Bill?" Claire asked.

"Upstairs, napping."

"Will it upset anything if I dress here and stay for dinner?"

Alicia put her arm around the older girl's shoulders.

"Why, of course not, darling. You're one of the family, practically, aren't you?"

The talkative twin spoke with the exactitude of her years, which were eight.

"Claire isn't *really* one of the family," she said; and added with complacency: "You can't be in a family 'less you was *borned* in it, can you, Sissie?"

"Nuh-uh," said the other twin.

YOUNG Jimmy struck an unexpected bass note in his treacherous voice: "Aw, sure you can. You can get in a family by marrying somebody in it, can't you? If Claire wanted to she could—"

"Jimmy!" said Alicia sternly. "Stop arguing with the twins."

Claire said: "I believe it's stopped raining."

"It has," said Neal. He left the window and walked back to the fireplace; deliberately knocked the ashes out of his pipe. "I'm going up into the Narrows and get that bigmouth bass I missed yesterday."

"Why don't you take Claire with you?" said Alicia, with a directness that scorned any suggestion of guile. To his dismay, Neal found himself helpless in the face of that frank challenge. He looked at Claire with a quizzical smile.

"Will you go?"

"I'd love to," she said simply.

So it happened that ten minutes later they were chugging slowly up the river in Bill Salter's ancient fishing boat, the Christopher Columbus—so called because its license number was 1492.

Claire sat beside Neal on the hard pine seat aft. They were headed for the Narrows, a brief deep strait leading into a broad bay known as the Lake of the Isles. The sun had come out and was shining strongly on the river, and though the wind had dropped, the water was still furrowed by small waves whose crests flashed silver in the sunlight. The blunt bow of the boat slapped against these waves, sending a fine spray flying back into the faces of the man and the girl.

"Getting wet?" Neal asked.

"No. I love it."

As he sat half turned toward her, with his right hand on the tiller, his shoulder was touching hers. He was definitely conscious of the contact; aware, also, that she made no move to break it. It was as if, actually, she rested in his arm.

"Neal?"

"Yes?"

"Do you think I'm a hussy?"

"Do I—" He looked down into the girl's upturned brown face and said abruptly: "No."

"It was pretty obvious, my wanting to come with you."

"Obvious to Alicia?"

"To you," Claire said.

"I asked you to come. Besides, what of it?"

"Nothing, except that I'd like things to be straight between us. I came because I wanted to talk to you. That's all. I like you too much to try to play any hussy's tricks on you." Her lips twisted into a self-amused smile. "I probably wouldn't be very good at them, anyway."

"I'm sure you wouldn't," Neal said with emphasis.

"Are you? Well—it doesn't matter. May I ask you a question?"

"Anything you like."

THE boat slapped into a wave, and Claire brushed the spray from her cheeks. "It's rather hard to say, without seeming silly. But—you remember that first Saturday-night dance at the club—the only one you've been to? It was the week you got here—in June—"

"Of course I remember. We danced together all evening, and then we went out to look at the moon on the river, and I kissed you."

"I kissed you, too," Claire reminded him.

Neal laughed; but his face held a look of grimness.

"I haven't forgotten."

"You've avoided me ever since. Did you think I was too easy to kiss?"

He said, almost angrily: "I thought just the opposite. That's why I've—well, I guess I have avoided you. I knew that you were too fine and sweet to be made casual love to."

"It was casual love, then?"

Neal let go the tiller and put his hand on her arm.

"Listen to me. I came up here right after my divorce. It was a bad time for me. I—"

"Were you still in love with your wife?"

"Not the least small bit. But it was the end of a part of my life that I'd worked hard over. It was the end of a chapter—and I was free. Freedom can be demoralizing. I had gained something, but I had lost something, too. I had got back my right to be an individual, but that individual was almost a stranger to me."

"The boat's off its course," Claire said. She grasped the tiller rope and headed the Christopher Columbus again toward the Narrows. "I'll steer. Go on talking, please, Neal."

"I was off my course," he said with a kind of bitter humor. "I had aimed at something and missed it. I had tried for a real marriage and I'd failed—plenty! Then I came up here—and met you. You were friendly and kind to me. You—"

"I liked you, Neal."

"I know. But I had no right to take advantage of your liking me. It was as bad as a man getting drunk and



snatching at a woman who's been decent enough to pity him."

"But I didn't pity you! And you weren't drunk that night."

"I might as well have been. I was in the same mental state. You were kind to me. More than that, you were young and—unspoiled by life. You had the gift of life that I'd lost, and I thought—no, I didn't think; I just reached out and snatched for that gift—for you."

"But you didn't go on snatching! I wonder why?"

"Because I have learned this," Neal said. "Life is not to be snatched. It is not to be had from any one else, ever."

"But it can be shared," Claire said, looking straight over the boat's bow.

"Not for me," Neal said, slowly, deliberately. "I'm through trying to share my life. That's selfishness, if you like. But it's selfishness justified by experience—my own experience. And, right or wrong, I'm going to play out my hand alone."

"Then that's that," Claire said. "Thank you for telling me, Neal." But at the same moment she thought: This isn't the whole story. There's some fear in him that has driven him back into himself.

"Here we are," Neal said. He leaned forward and throttled the motor down till it was barely turning over. "See that big gray rock that hangs out over the water? That's where I got my strike yesterday."

"I'll run the boat," Claire said. "You fish."

He nodded and took his rod from its rack along the side of the cockpit. The line was baited with a wooden plug that vaguely resembled a frog. It had a single hook dangling from its underside. Neal stood up and cleared the line. He reeled in the plug till it hung a foot from the tip of the rod. Glancing down at Claire, he said: "Keep about fifty feet offshore, and when we get opposite the rock, throw out the clutch and let her idle. Of course," Neal added with a tight-lipped smile, "the chances are a hundred to one that Mr. Bass won't be there."

"I'll bet he is," Claire said with sudden impatience. This man was a pessimist—the sort of pessimist who tried to placate fate by expecting the worst, or expecting nothing.

"Well, here goes," Neal said, and with an easy swing and snap of his wrist he laid the plug inshore a little below the rock.

The water was still, and as clear as glass. Claire watched the floating artificial bait as Neal worked it back toward the boat. But there was no swirl from below; nothing happened. "He's not at home," Neal said.

"Try again. Cast in under the rock. I think I see something."

"By golly, so do I! He's there—I can see him. He's lying just under the edge of the rock in shallow water. Baby! He's a big one."

NEAL did not permit his excitement to spoil his cast. He dropped the plug neatly just short of the shelving rock. There was a sudden boiling of the still water, a mighty swirl, and then Neal struck. The light steel rod bent in a quivering curve; the tight line cut like a knife blade through the water as the great bass made his first furious rush.

"He's a beauty!"

"Shall I cut the motor?"

"No. Keep it idling. Oh, he's going down—into the rocks. See if you can back out into deep water."

Claire reached for the clutch; but before her hand touched it Neal spoke again and his voice had gone dead: "Never mind. He's got me fast. The plug's caught under a rock."

The girl sank back on the stern seat and looked up at the man who stood staring at his line lying slack in the water. "The only chance I've got is to let him work himself loose."

"I guess so."

They waited. The fine excitement had died out of them both. The good fight they had expected had turned to a dullness, a nothingness, that was worse than defeat.

"Oh, I hope you don't lose him!" Claire exclaimed after an interminable silence.

"Either I do or I don't," Neal answered. "There's no use hoping."

Both the words and his tone made her angry.

"Why not? It doesn't do any harm to hope."

He turned his head and looked at her. The grim lines were clearly etched about his mouth. "My dear Claire, I've lived in this world thirty-seven years by the calendar and a couple of hundred by the count in my own mind. If I've learned anything, it's the futility of hoping."

The girl's eyes blazed up at him.

"You quitter!" she cried.

With a quick movement she seized the clutch handle and jammed it into reverse. The old boat began laboriously to back out into deep water.

"What are you doing?" Neal demanded angrily.

"I'm going to circle around and try to find an angle that will free your line."

"All right. Try it. But it's caught solid. It's—" His voice leaped with instant exultation. "Boy! I'm loose! And I've still got him on!"

"Neal, if you lose that bass now—"

"He's coming up. Get the landing net."

CLAIRE snatched the long-handled landing net from its pegs under the cockpit coping. She stood up just in time to see the fish turn and dart away from the boat. He went down, down, the reel singing as Neal let him run; but they were in a hundred feet of water now, and there were no rocks to snag the plug.

It was a long time, a long battle, before they saw the big bass again. This time Claire observed a flash of white in the water. The fish was showing his belly. He was done, finished.

She had the net poised as Neal swung the tip of his rod in a half-circle, leading the bass steadily, gently toward the boat. A quick sure stab of the net, and Claire lifted the huge dripping greenish-brown body from the water. With an audible sigh of relief, she lowered it to the floor of the cockpit.

"Oh, Neal!"

"That's the biggest bass I've caught all summer."

"How much will it weigh, do you suppose?"

"Five and a half—maybe six. Anyway, it's in the boat."

They were standing up facing each other. Claire reached out and touched his hand still holding the rod. "I called you a quitter. I'm sorry."

"It doesn't matter," Neal said.

"You're not a quitter. But—I wish I knew what it is that you're afraid of!"

"Afraid of?" He looked at her in shocked surprise. "I don't know what you mean."

Claire stooped to put away the landing net; also to hide her confusion.

"Never mind," she murmured. "I didn't mean to say that. Are you going to fish any more?"

"No. Let's go home. Anything after this would be an anticlimax."

They scarcely spoke on the way back to the Salters' boathouse. Claire's chance remark—"I wish I knew what it is that you're afraid of!"—had lifted a wall, a partition of silence between them. Puzzling over that remark, Neal could find no answer to its involved question. He was not, so far as he was aware, afraid of anything or any one in particular. Yet even as he made this reflection he felt a sense of depression, of inner darkness as real as the black clouds again beginning to gather in the west.

Claire sat on the seat beside him, but she kept her face turned away from him. He did not see that there were tears in her eyes.

There was a celebration in the living room before dinner in honor of Neal's catch. The bass had weighed, by the kitchen scales, a little over six pounds. That, for the St. Lawrence River, was an unusually large bass, even for a bigmouth.

Bill Salter proclaimed it an occasion, broke out a bottle of his finest Canadian whisky and served old-fashioned cocktails to the group gathered about the living-room fire. Jimmy and the twins had ginger ale. The rest, including Alicia and her beau, Tony Thompson—a dash-

ing youth in a white dinner jacket—drank their grog and were appropriately gay. They were all in evening dress, including Neal, though he had no intention of going on to the yacht club. He could not, in spite of the cocktails, shake off his feeling of depression, of profound secret weariness. The sight of Claire in her gold dress, standing tall and lovely in front of the fire that seemed almost a ruffled skirt to her gown, made a troubling imprint on his senses. Her youth, the sculptured slimness of her body, the very sheen of her hair, marked her as one who possessed, as he had told her that afternoon, the gift of life. But that gift, he reminded himself with tired finality, was not for him.

Marian said: "You ought to have that fish stuffed and mounted, Neal."

"Aw," said Jimmy, "let's eat it!"

"I agree with Jimmy," Neal said; and added, in an attempt at lightness: "I don't need a stuffed fish to comfort me in my declining years."

"Grandpa!" exclaimed Claire with a distinctness that was slightly startling. Bill said hastily: "I could make a joke about the fish stuffing us, but I won't. Let's go in to dinner."

At the table Neal sat next to Claire; but she ignored him completely and pointedly. It was her way, Neal thought, of notifying him that any illusions she had had about him were at an end. The thought was not an exhilarating one; but it carried with it a certain relief.

As soon as dinner was over, Neal excused himself and went upstairs to his own room, which was at the front of the house, overlooking the river. Without turning on the lights, he took off his dinner coat, got his dressing gown from the closet, and went out on the sleeping porch. Everything was in darkness except where, low in the eastern sky, a cloud was edged with a faint light cast by the rising moon. He could not see the river, but he could feel its damp breath. He lay down on the porch couch, drew his dressing gown close around him, and closed his eyes. A wave of drowsiness swept over him. Gratefully he surrendered himself to its obliterating peace.

He was roused by the sharp explosions of a motor coming to life. He sat up and saw, by a light in the boathouse, the Salters' big cabin boat backing out into the river. They had planned to leave for the club at eight thirty. He had slept almost an hour.

HE got up and walked to the edge of the porch, looking out through the screen at the rapidly dwindling low star that was the cabin boat's stern light. Suddenly, in the darkness directly below him, he heard the voices of Alicia and Tony Thompson, and realized that they had not gone with the others. But of course they would go in Tony's boat.

"Oh, darn!" the girl said, her voice carrying plainly to Neal's ears. "It's started to rain again."

"You won't get wet, darling. I've got the side curtains up."

There was an exchange of murmurs; then the girl's voice, low and softly pleading: "Please don't, Tony."

"But I mean it. I'm not just making a pass at you. Don't you know that?"

"Yes, I do know, but I— Oh, Tony, I'm not old enough to decide anything like that. It's too serious. I'm really not—"

The voice stopped abruptly. After a brief time Neal heard them going down the walk to the boathouse. With a detached part of his mind he knew that they had started. He heard the sound of the boat leaving and saw the gleam of its lights as it vanished into a darkness filled with the drip of rain.

But the rest of his mind, the living part of it, was engaged with another kind of hearing, another kind of seeing. Alicia's voice, the words she had spoken, had released some source of energy in his brain. His thoughts came rapidly, vividly, mounting to a climax that was like a note of music long sustained.

That young voice coming breathless out of the darkness had been touched with fear—the fear of youth that is not old enough, experienced enough to find its way surely along the edge of the abyss. Yet age and experience did not mean, necessarily, the banishment of that fear! Looking deep into his own mind, in a flash of self-revelation he realized that he himself, Neal Harden, was afraid—of what?

Claire had suggested that same question in the boat that afternoon. Her feminine intuition had sensed what he himself did not suspect—that his whole attitude toward her, toward life, and toward his own future was dominated by some secret fear.

What was it? Was it a fear of death, or of those degenerative processes which inevitably lead to death? He knew, simply and profoundly, that it was not. And then he knew what it was, and his manhood rose up fighting to face it. He had been hurt, and was afraid to be hurt again. He had tried and failed, and he was afraid of failure. His fear was a fear of life. He knew that now, and the knowledge was like a light shining in the darkness that had oppressed him.

"I must find her!" he said aloud, exultingly. "I must go to her and tell her. I must find Claire!"



DANA BURNET graduated from Cornell with a law degree but promptly got himself a reporter's job on the New York Sun. Promoted to an editorial desk, he stayed in newspaper work for several years, finally resigning with the intention of devoting himself to fiction, poetry, and drama. His work is well known to the readers of Liberty and other magazines.

THERE was a light, an actual brilliance flooding the river, brushing away the shadows of the porch on which he stood. The moon had struggled through its veiling cloud, laid its brightness on the world. Through this brightness the rain fell in long straight lines of silver.

He turned and saw dimly a girl's figure standing in the doorway of his room. He knew it was Claire, but somehow he could not credit her presence with reality.

He said confusedly: "I thought you'd gone with the others."

"I decided not to go. I—I knew I couldn't bear it."

She took a step forward, stopped and stood still by the foot of the couch where he had been lying. The moonlight reached her, turning her gold dress to its own gossamer texture, revealing her in a mold of beauty so clear, so shining that Neal's breath caught in his throat.

Then she half turned, flung herself down on the couch, and lay in a crumpled golden heap, sobbing.

He went to her, knelt down by the couch and put his arm around her shoulders.

"It's all right, Claire. It's all right now. I was going to take the old Christopher Columbus and follow you to the club. It would have taken me an hour—but what's an hour? I was coming to you."

She lifted her head. "Coming to me? Why?"

"Because I want you. I love you, Claire."

"Oh, Neal! Don't say that unless—"

He took her in his arms, held her close and kissed her wide sweet mouth. It was in his heart to tell her of his cowardice, of his fear of life which had included the fear of love—to tell her of the self-knowledge that had come to him through the commonplace events of a single afternoon and evening, which gave him the courage to face that fear and conquer it. But the touch of her hands as she clung to him, the communion of her lips with his, told him that she already knew perfectly what he could tell her only incompletely and imperfectly. He thought, There are no words for truths like that or for moments like this! But the certainty of her understanding filled him with joy.

"How soon will you marry me, Claire?"

"Tomorrow," she said. "Tomorrow morning, early."

"How early?"

"Oh, early!"

"That'll be fine. Then we can have the afternoon to go fishing," Neal said, and they both laughed; and their laughter was lost in the sound of rain falling on the river.

THE GRAND BOUNCE

Liberty's Short Short

by EDWIN BAIRD

READING TIME • 5 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

TIM MCGUFFY, the horseman, flipped a thousand-dollar check across the bar to proprietor Charles Guilfoyle.

"Watch that for me, Charlie. I'll explain later. Must scam now for that ten-o'clock train."

As McGuffy scrambled Jacob Sax-onstein, publisher of Turf Topics, entered the Sportsmen's Bar.

"I hate to be doggin' you, Sharlie, about that moneh you're owin' me—"

"Sorry, Jake. I'm flat as a paddle."

"But, Sharlie! Listen to me. I simply *got* to have it! Sheumas waits at my office, and mabby you know what Sheumas is. I'm owin' him a t'ousand, Sharlie, and I promised Sheumas—"

"To hell with Sheumas!"

"But, Sharlie! Sheumas will stop my prasswork. Sheumas will stop my next issue. I see you don't know this Sheumas. And I promised him on my word of honor—"

Charlie was examining McGuffy's check. It was payable to McGuffy, and McGuffy had endorsed it. Suddenly he reached for the telephone and dialed a number.

"Monty? . . . Charlie speaking. Say, Monty, could you scratch up that grand you owe me? . . . That'll be fine. Thanks, Monty."

Charlie turned back to Jake.

"I hadn't ought to do this, Jake, but I guess it's O. K., at that. Here's a check I just got from Tim McGuffy—"

"Any check from Mr. McGuffy," declared the happy Jake, "is good like gold by me."

"He left it with me," Charlie went on, "for safekeeping. Probably because he'd endorsed it. Anyway, that makes it negotiable. Now, I'll endorse it over to you, and when McGuffy calls for it I'll pay him a thousand in cash." Charlie signed his name beneath McGuffy's signature. "There you are, Jake."

"And here," said Jake, taking a paper from his pocket, "is your receipt, stamped 'Paid in full.'"

He went forthwith to his untidy office, where Sheumas, the printer, was wearing a path through the litter on the floor. He whirled as Jake entered.

"Did you get it?"

With great deliberation Jake sat at his cluttered desk and added a third signature to McGuffy's check. "Here's your moneh, Mr. Sheumas. Where's my receipt?"

Sheumas glanced at the check, front and back, tucked it in his wallet, and wrote a receipt for a thousand dollars' worth of printing.

"I disliked to put the bee on you, Jacob, but Otto Meisterberg, the jobber, has a bill against me for paper stock, and he telephoned—"

"Please, Mr. Sheumas!" Jake lifted a fat hand in pained protest. "Don't apologize to me."

"All right, Jacob; I won't. Pardon me if I seem to dash off. Otto is waiting for me."

In nervous tension was Otto waiting, pacing his office on the thirty-fifth floor of a near-by building.

"Hooray!" he cried as Sheumas entered waving the check. "You connected!"

"Naturally," said Sheumas, putting his endorsement on the check beneath the endorsement of Jacob. "But why the big rush, Otto?"

"I'm in a spot," Otto explained as he signed his name beneath that of Sheumas, "on account I owe Tony Campanelli, who runs a handbook downstairs, a thou-

sand slugs. If you'll excuse me—"

He rushed from his office. Ten minutes later, as he left Campanelli's handbook, he passed another man just entering. A tall thin man, ornately dressed, known along the stem as Montgomery Montrose, hot-horse plunger.

"Hi, Tony, me boy! About that grand I copped yesterday in the fifth. A pal o' mine is in a jam, and I happen to owe him a G—"

"Joosta one sec', Meester Montrosa. You get-a your mon'. Tony Campanell' always pay off. Even on a hot horse, ha?" And to the back of

Mr. McGuffy's check the honest Italian added, with a flourish, the flowery signature of Antonio Manrico Boggelli Campanelli.

"Holy mackerel, what a stiff!" Montrose curiously eyed the check. "It's Tim McGuffy's, I see, and it's travelin' faster than any of his horses."

Then he put the check in his pocket and went to the Sportsmen's Bar.

"Hi, Charlie, me boy! I bring the pazaza."

Monty produced McGuffy's check, contributed thereto another endorsement, and slid it across the bar. "There's your grand, me boy."

Charlie looked at the face of the check and inhaled quickly. Then he looked at its back and exhaled audibly. Then he looked at the clock and said: "My God!" And then he looked at the check again. Exactly one hour ago Tim McGuffy had given him this check, and in that hour it had changed hands six times, paying six bills of a thousand dollars. . . .

"**A**NYTHING wrong with the check, Charlie?"

"Oh, no. The check's O. K. Any check of Tim McGuffy's, you know—" Dazedly Charlie took Monty's I O U from the cash register. "Thanks, Monty. I didn't intend to give you the roust—"

"Say no more about it, me boy. I know what it means to need a grand. But I hope that stiff is through bouncing."

"I'm not so sure about that," said Charlie; and, after Montrose had gone, he tried to figure out what all this bouncing meant:

"First, I paid Jake the grand I owed him. That squared me with Jake. Then Jake paid his printer, and that squared *him*. Then the printer paid his paper bill; the paper jobber paid his bookie; the bookie paid Monty; and Monty paid me. Yes, sir; we all got paid, and we're all square with each other all around. Still and all, the thing seems screwy, because if I give this check back to Tim McGuffy—"

He became aware that Tim McGuffy stood before him.

"Missed my train," said McGuffy, "so— Hello! That my check?"

"It is, Tim. And I've got to explain—"

"Let me do the explaining, Charlie. In my haste, just now, I gave you a rubber check, drawn on a bank where I have no account and signed with a dummy name. I'd thought of bouncing it around a while to test a certain theory of mine. But I guess it was a nutty idea," said McGuffy, "and I doubt if it'd ever work."

And—without glancing at the back of it—he took the check and tore it up.

THE END

CHEATING AT BRIDGE

READING TIME
12 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

HAS the marvelous success of a suave, perhaps too frequent guest at your bridge party or those of your friends ever caused you concern? Have you innocently admitted to your home persons as dishonest as the man with the stovepipe hat, ruffled shirt, and black mustache who used to cheat at poker on the Mississippi steamboats?

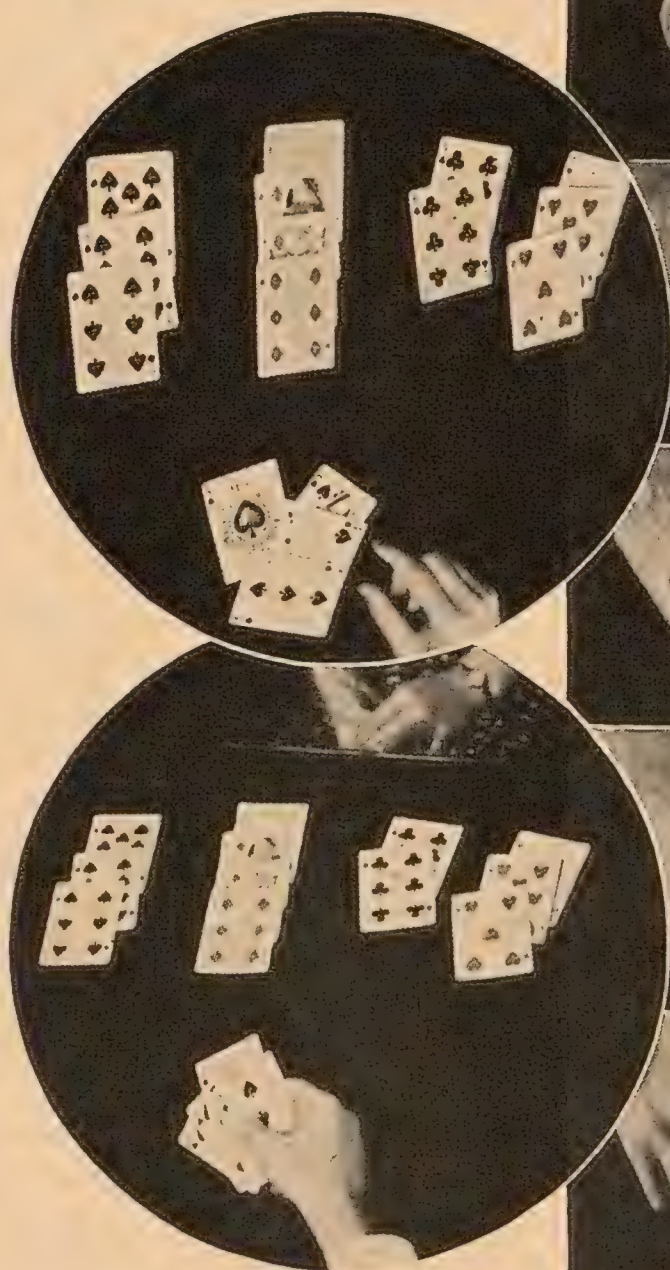
If you give bridge parties, it is quite possible that such people may be among your guests.

So declares Mickey MacDougall. Mr. MacDougall practices the dangerous profession of "card detective." He is paid high fees by gambling establishments to watch unreasonably lucky players, discover their methods of cheating, and expose them. As such swindlers are often gunmen, he risks his life as often as does a police detective who is running down other types of criminals.

GRAND SLAM IN NO-TRUMP

THERE are several hundred thousand people in the United States who clean up by cheating at bridge. And I don't include in that estimate the amateur crooks who peek at their opponents' cards, work in pairs, and use more or less ingenious signals.

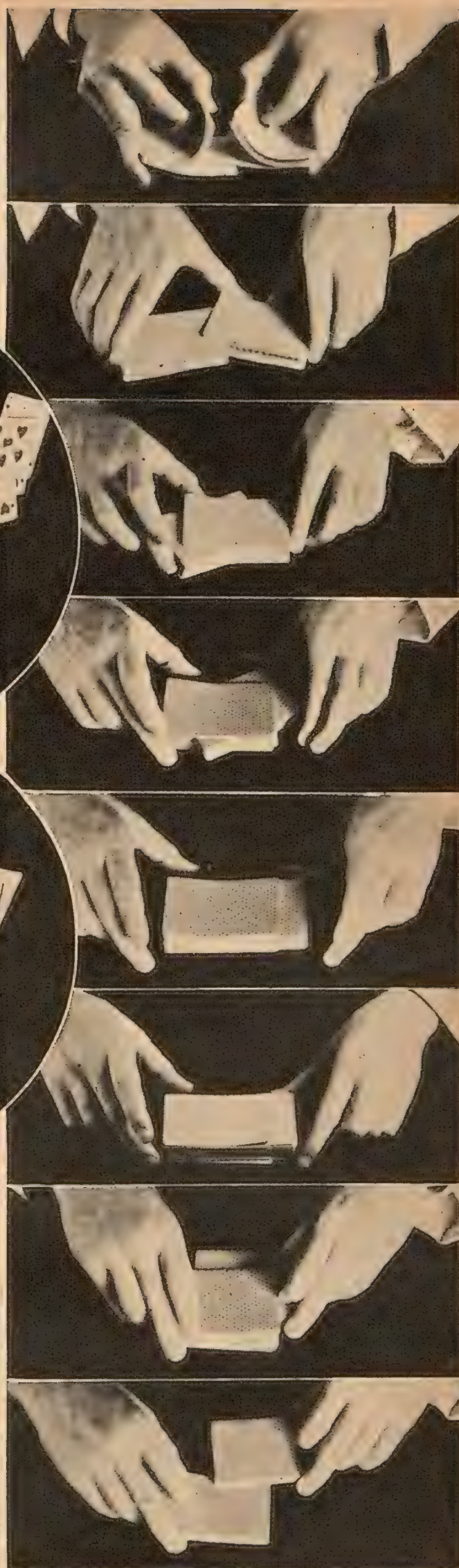
There is basis for the story told of a Hollywood man who always lost on the races. A



Above: In the innocent gesture of drawing in and stacking the tricks, the sharp deftly rearranges the deck preparatory to his false shuffle which will give him and his partner the alternate high cards.

BY THE CARD DETECTIVE as told to FRED MACISAAC

Are You Being Victimized? You Never Know.
Here's a Warning, Not Against Your Friends
But the Stranger Who May Be Gone Tomorrow



From top to bottom: The successive stages in the false riffle, as the bridge sharp shuffles the stacked deck for his opponent. Done at top speed it looks like an expert riffle and cut, but in reality the order of the cards has not been disturbed.



A close-up of the crimp, made by turning the inner corner of the bottom half-dozen cards downward (top picture). When the halves are placed together it causes a break at the point desired for a cut. Placed on the table, the other players can detect nothing wrong with the deck.

friend who had played bridge with him explained, "He can't put a horse up his sleeve."

"But bridge cheats must work in pairs," somebody protests.

Not true. The bridge menace is the lone wolf. You yourself sometimes rise after a session the only winner. You know you're not dishonest, but how well do you know the other fellow?

"But I don't play with strangers."

How much do you really know about many of your acquaintances? There are nineteen-year-old girls, solid business men, plump motherly women who can "second deal" or deal off the bottom of the pack with great skill and insouciance.

There is a concern in the Middle West, part of the business of which is the manufacture and sale of marked cards and other forms of "gimmickry," which reported a gross business of twenty-one million dollars last year. A very large part of that income is due to the fact that twenty million people play bridge and hundreds of thousands of crooks are preying on them.

It is not necessary, however, for the expert bridge cheat to use marked cards to make a killing at bridge. This expert is often a doctor, a lawyer, a merchant, a schoolteacher who lives nicely, has a large circle of trusting friends, and often has no financial urge to cheat—only a weird obsession to take unfair advantage.

You can't blame people for having no suspicion of the man or woman who lives down the street or in the same apartment building. While they actually know little about such persons, they think they are thoroughly informed. I don't suspect anybody, myself, of cheating at cards until I catch him at it.

When I took my first look at Ralph Morrison, he struck me as a perfectly respectable and prosperous business man. He was middle-aged, hearty and agreeable. I'd give a lot to know where he learned his stuff and how he learned it, but I'm the last person to whom he will ever open up.

He lived in a fashionable community on Long Island and had a wife and two nice children. Mrs. Morrison didn't play bridge and I'm sure she had no suspicion that her husband was a crook. She was a very charming woman. Morrison had an apparently prosperous business in New York and a good credit rating. He rented a fine home in this community on Long Island, rode to New York daily in the train club car, belonged to the country club, gave attractive parties in his home, and was entertained right and left.

He had remarkable luck at bridge, but he was playing with people who could afford to lose at ten-cent and quarter bridge.

AFTER pretty consistent winning for a period of five or six months, a few people began to wonder. It must be noted that a man who makes five thousand points—not an unusually large total, by the way—wins twelve hundred and fifty dollars at a quarter of a dollar a point, and if he only does it once a week, he is making sixty-five thousand dollars a year.

A man whom I'll call Jones, a very rich man and one who did business with Morrison in New York, was so impressed with his friend's luck that, after a Morrison killing at Jones's home one night, he examined the cards for markings. He found none.

Mr. Jones sat in a game at Morrison's house after he had begun to suspect the man. The game started at ten cents a point and was lifted—not at Morrison's suggestion—to twenty-five cents. The host won eleven thousand dollars, collected his winnings but was very apologetic about it. And Jones felt certain he was cheating in some very adroit manner.

He talked to some people in New York, one of whom suggested that he engage me to investigate Mr. Morrison.

"Any particular reason for being suspicious of him?" I asked. "Are there any curious features about his game?"

"No-o, except that he bids and makes more slams in no-trump than seem reasonable."

"I'll have to see him play—if possible, sit in a game with him."

"I can arrange that easily enough. You come down to our town and I'll put you up at the country club. I'll see that you get invited around. You understand I'm not certain. I don't want to be unjust to Morrison. He has no reason for cheating—his business is prosperous."

I laughed. "I bet he doesn't often make eleven thousand in one day in his business. I won't make any rash charges against him."

A few nights later I sat in a game with Morrison at the country club. He didn't show anything. I know he wasn't bottom dealing, because my ear can detect a swish every time a card comes off the bottom; and if he was second dealing, he was better at it than I, because I couldn't see him do it. He came out a trifle ahead and I

Dear Sis
 I wish I were
 this morning
 to let you know
 I am pretty sick
 my leg is all
 swollen, some-
 thing bit me
 while watering
 flowers

Right: Mary Busch James.
 Was her death accidental?
 If not, who murdered her?



Left, and below: Mary's
 scrawl telling her sister
 that "something bit me."

fits. As for the insect bite or whatever it was she referred to in her letter, he said it was news to him.

Further questioning by Killian and Grey had brought out the information that James, a man of forty, slim, reddish-haired, green-eyed, and good-looking in a deadpan way, was proprietor of a prosperous barber and beauty shop in downtown Los Angeles. Mary Busch had been his chief beauty operator and they had been married but three months. She was insured in his favor, he told them, for \$10,700 double indemnity, which meant he stood to collect \$21,400 on her death.

She was his fifth wife, he said, and he volunteered that her predecessor, Winona Wallace James, had died as a result of drowning in a bathtub in Manitou, Colorado, about a year previously, and that he had collected \$15,000 in insurance on her.

early to date
 the garden
 of me
 I had seen & heard
 of you
 but I don't know
 how you are doing

"You'll find it out anyhow, boys," he had told the officers, "so I might as well tell you now. But I had no more to do with killing those two poor girls than you did. I've always had hard luck with my wives."



Charles "Chuck" Hope, who told a nightmarish story, and (at right) the green-eyed barber, Robert James.



The deputies would have held him for further investigation except for one thing. A Dr. Dinsley, retired British army surgeon who lived near the James place, said that at nine thirty in the morning of August 5 he had been in his back yard and was positive he had seen a woman he had always taken to be Mrs. James, working around a chicken house at the rear of the James place. Moreover, the tall blonde he had seen had been wearing bright red pajamas. A

check of the barbers and beauty operators in James's shop showed that James had arrived there about nine in the morning and except for half an hour at noon had been in the shop all day.

The autopsy surgeon said drowning was the cause of death, with an acute cellulitis of the left foot as a contributory factor. Puncture lacerations as of some kind of insect bite were under the left big toe, and the condition was at least forty-eight hours old. Also, on the back of the neck were bruises. But there was no getting around Dr. Dinsley's testimony that he had seen Mary James at nine thirty Monday morning, so the verdict of the coroner's jury was death by accidental drowning, and that was that.

But that isn't always that in this detective business, especially when it comes to murder. To begin with, there was James's incredible statement that he hadn't known about the bite—in the face of the autopsy surgeon's statement as to its age. Then there were those bruises on the



The bungalow where James lived with his niece. Next door is the one from which investigators listened in on them.

**He can swim like a fish
and dive like a duck—**



But he has Vacation Hair

Does *your* hair stand on end after a cool dip in the briny?

Do wind and sun and dust make it stiff as a poker, dry as a bone?

That's what is known as Vacation Hair and the way to prevent it is to use Kreml.

Here's a hair tonic that contains beneficial oils to replace the natural scalp oils that are washed away by water or dried out by the sun.

Kreml makes dry hair pliable; gives it new life and lustre.

Great for removing dandruff! Marvelous for stopping excessive falling of hair! Fine for stimulating hair growth!

Forget those sticky, dust-catching, gigolo concoctions that plaster your hair down tight to your scalp.

Put a bottle of Kreml in your vacation suitcase and you won't have to worry about Vacation Hair.

And, by the way, if you need a shampoo, ask for Kreml Shampoo, a pure liquid shampoo made from an 80% olive oil base. It creates billowy lather that takes out every trace of salt and grime.



KREML

**REMOVES DANDRUFF
AND CHECKS FALLING HAIR
NOT GREASY—MAKES THE HAIR BEHAVE**

The second hand was played—it had no bearing whatever upon the business—and then the opponent on my right dealt.

I laid my cards face up on the table. "Lay down your hand, partner," I requested.

In the two hands were four aces, four kings, and three queens, a certain slam.

There was much excitement. The dealer gazed stupefied at what he had done.

"Marked cards, of course," Morrison asserted loudly.

"I assure you these cards are not marked," declared Mr. Jones.

"My opponent dealt them, and my partner, Mr. Jones, cut them," I added. "I'll now show you exactly how it's done. My opponent on my left will deal a hand. It is necessary that I play this first hand, which is why I made an insufficient bid last time and prevented Mr. Jones from being the declarer."

"But why?" demanded several people.

"I'll explain presently."

"Supposing you don't become the declarer?" demanded Morrison.

"Then I postpone the coup until the next time the opponent on my left deals."

They let me play the hand. "Now," I requested, "watch me closely. As I draw in the tricks and stack them in front of me I manage, if the top and third card are not high, to make them so. You are all considering your hands, you're paying no attention to tricks that have been taken in. Here's a trick—the queen and ace fell—one, two. As I turn the trick down the queen becomes the third card. You didn't notice that I didn't pick them up in the order they fell."

The third trick was won by the opponents. I picked it up quickly and placed it where it belonged. The third and fourth cards played had been high, but after laying the trick in front of one of my opponents I turned it over to reveal that the top and third cards were now high.

A woman laughed excitedly as she saw me carelessly disturb the order of that trick as I picked it up and gave it to my opponents. She remembered that Morrison on occasion was absent-minded enough to pick up opponents' tricks.

WHEN the hand was finished I reached for the three tricks taken in by my opponents. Two of them had fallen naturally in the right position. The one that hadn't I had doctored as I picked it up and gave it to them.

"Don't watch Mr. Jones deal now," I requested. "Watch how I shuffle this deck for my opponent. I'll do it very slowly so you can see what I'm up to."

I riffled the two halves of the pack into each other—but at an angle—on the bias, as a woman would say.

The upper half of the deck pushed through the lower half and projected perhaps a quarter of an inch—hardly noticeable.

With the second finger and thumb of my right hand I grasp the extreme right end of the deck; second finger and thumb of the left hand grasp projecting cards on extreme left end.

Cards which fingers of left hand are grasping are pulled through and placed on top. Done at top speed it looks like an expert riffle, but when I did it slowly with a battery of eyes upon me it was obvious to everybody that the cards had not been shuffled at all.

There were excited mutterings. A number of people had seen Morrison riffle cards at a slight angle.

I showed them how to make the crimp. I bent the inner corners of the bottom half dozen cards slightly downward, and gave the deck a cut which brought the bottom half on top.

THE crimp caused a slight bulge in the middle of the pack, which will force my innocent partner to cut at that point. If, by chance, he cuts elsewhere, I know what to do. The pack is now exactly as it was before the riffle and cut took place. I laid it beside my opponent on the right.

"No need of playing the second hand," I told them. "Deal for the third hand."

Again my partner and myself received a grand slam in no-trump—the first card being dealt to me, the third card to my partner; giving us all the high cards.

There was a silence which was dramatic. Morrison broke it. "Stage stuff," he sneered. "Wouldn't work in a game. If your partner fails to cut at the crimp, your opponents get the slam."

"Any card sharp can do it in any game," I told him. "If my partner fails to cut at the crimp, I'm ready. During the deal you probably didn't observe that I picked up the first five cards dealt to me and glanced at them. If the deal had gone wrong, I would accidentally have exposed a card, which would compel a new deal."

That woman laughed again, a laugh full of significance. It reminded many that new deals often happened in games played by Morrison. His objection was all that was needed to convince everybody that I had revealed exactly how he made his grand or small slams in no-trump.

There was a chill in the air like January. People began to leave. Morrison left among the first.

He ceased to play bridge in that community. After six or eight weeks he moved away. Morrison, of course, is not his name.

If you live in a prosperous suburb and invite people in to play for interesting stakes, Mr. Morrison may be among your guests. Or somebody else who knows more about cards than you do.

The lenience of bridge players regarding slight infractions of the rules of bridge are taken advantage of by card sharps frequently.

The methods of cheating revealed in this article could be blocked if play-

ers would insist that Article 3 of Rule 13 of the New York Whist Club, which reads as follows, be observed:

There must be a new deal by the same dealer with the same or a correct pack if it is ascertained during the deal that a player has looked at a card dealt to him.

Players are continually picking up a card and looking at it during the deal, but as there is no penalty provided for the offense it is almost always ignored.

Mickey MacDougall suggests that in case a player looks at a card during a deal, one hundred points shall be added to the honor score of his opponents and the new deal be compulsory.

THE END

TWENTY QUESTIONS



1—Born in 1847 at Milan, Ohio, he became a news butcher at twelve. About thirteen years later he started startling the world, being responsible for a system of duplex, quadruplex, and sextuplex telegraphic transmission, the microtasimeter, and some 1,300 other

inventions. He was deficient in one of the senses. Whose early photo is shown above?

2—Tourists are expected to spend \$275,000,000 in what country this year?

3—By what name is E. M. O'Brien Thompson better known?

4—What model of limousine has the driver's seat entirely inclosed?

5—Who is France's first Socialist Prime Minister?

6—Where is the world's oldest stone arch railroad bridge?

7—Mrs. Peerybingle and Caleb Plummer appeared in which tale of Dickens's?

8—Who pioneered in advocating Constitution Day?

9—According to Jesus, how often should a person who wrongs one be forgiven?

10—Who, in 1882, invented the electric fan?

11—What engineering undertaking cost \$300,000,000 and took ten years to build?

12—Where is the world's fastest speedway?

13—Which President married his ward, Frances Folsom, in the White House?

14—Who wrote the sea novel, The Red Rover?

15—What is found beneath more than half the earth's surface in Illinois?

16—The roe of a lobster is called what?

17—Is a courante a bird, a dance, or a messenger?

18—Who was given the nickname "Plon-Plon" because of alleged cowardice during the Crimean War?

19—What type of nose is shown in the profile at the left?

20—Who was the youngest President to die?

(Answers will be found on page 27)



Howard Chandler Christy, noted painter and illustrator, working on one of his world famous "Christy Girl" portraits

A Word Picture of 1/80,000 of an inch

By Howard Chandler Christy, Noted Artist and Illustrator

IN THE YEARS that I have worked with a palette and brush, I have painted many pictures . . . pictures of objects ranging in size from the delicate petals of a fruit blossom to the lumbering bulk of an elephant. But now I find myself doing a word picture of something so *infinitesimal* that it is invisible to the human eye.

My curiosity had been aroused by the experiences of Lowell Thomas, Boake Carter, Walter Pitkin and others who had watched the amazing process which gives razor blades shaving edges so keen they measure only 1/80,000 of an inch.

Consequently, I decided to make a visit to the Gillette Safety Razor factory where this wonder is performed. The almost unbelievable things I saw there led me to lay aside my brushes and paints for once . . . and turn to words for expression.

There I saw the grinding machines that are responsible for the amazingly keen shaving edges I had heard about. Incredible as it may seem, these gigantic machines, weighing four tons, are actually adjustable to 1/10,000 of an inch. Honing wheels of exclusive design give 50 times the sharpening effect of old style methods. And abrasives as fine as cake flour are used to give the Gillette Blade not only the sharpest,

but the *smoothest-shaving* edges that modern science is able to produce.

But this was only one of the many processes through which Gillette Blades must pass before they get their final okeh. Earlier in the day my guide had led me into a huge, spotlessly clean room where I noticed a series of long box-like contrivances. Imagine my astonishment when I learned that these devices, so cool on the outside that you could rest your hand upon them, were the famous electric furnaces which harden Gillette Blade steel at an approximate temperature of 1500 degrees.

Each of these amazing furnaces is equipped with a remarkable little black box which can tell in an instant whether the steel passing through the furnaces requires more heat or less heat. Automatically a signal is flashed to a complicated battery of switches and instantly the temperature is raised or lowered according to the demands of the metal.

With such amazing equipment and such high standards of workmanship, is it any wonder that the Gillette Blade gives one perfect shave after another? Yes, I know now that the only way to get a perfect shave is to use the perfect blade, and that, of course, is the Gillette Blade.

Here are the facts about razor blades. Why let anyone deprive you of shaving comfort by selling you a substitute? Ask for Gillette Blades and be sure to get them.

GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR COMPANY, BOSTON, MASS.

HOLLYWOOD

READING TIME
31 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

CHLOE ENDICOTT WELLS, car-hop number seven at Cochran's Hollywood Keg, pocketed a fifteen-cent tip, spoke a bright fervent thank-you to the bulbous man in the terra-cotta convertible, mentally jotted down the sum on a tabulation of her personal funds and despairingly totaled her cash resources as of a quarter after four on the last Tuesday afternoon in August.

Twenty-five dollars and eighty cents. At the rate her capital was accruing—wages and tips combined, minus living expenses—she'd have to scrape hard to pile up a surplus of no more than thirty dollars inside of the next six days.

Thirty wasn't enough. She needed closer to eighty. Either she must raise the difference somehow or go on for months—for years perhaps—rushing trayfuls of sandwiches and beer from service counter to parked car, attired, for the allurements of the masculine trade, in tightly tailored beige trousers and fitted chartreuse monkey jacket—brisk, smiling, heartsick.

If she could lay her hands on fifty dollars in a lump it would solve everything handsomely. Borrow it? Chloe didn't know any one who had an extra fifty dollars. No one except Keg Cochran, her employer, proprietor of Cochran's Kegs—FOURTEEN KEGS IN CALIFORNIA, AND GROWING—the most profitable chain of drive-in lunch kiosks in southern California.

Chloe couldn't imagine Keg Cochran loaning her fifty dollars. But he was her only hope. She'd have to make the try. She sang out an order for two avocado-and-tomato sandwiches with mayonnaise on toasted white, mopped a fresh tray to receive them, and moved along the circular counter to where Keg Cochran kept a darting blue-eyed watch on his scurrying employees and the wide semicircle of his munching, quaffing customers.

Like a ringmaster, thought Chloe, in charge of an animal act. Seeing everything. Making everything go. There'd be no use trying feminine wiles on Keg Cochran. He'd been around Hollywood too long to be susceptible.

"Mr. Cochran," she began, "I need fifty dollars. It's a case of—"

"So do I." Keg Cochran looked beyond her to a car wheeling in from the street. "Pst! Monty Shapiro in the black coop. Fix him up." He spun Chloe around and sent her off.

Nimbly, respectfully, Chloe fixed up Monty Shapiro of Fidelity Films with a barbecued beef sandwich on a bun, and a piece of pie. She served her avocado-and-tomato customers, and waited on a party of four in a car with New York registration plates. The man at the wheel, a pleasant-looking young fellow, gazed around him with the astonished curiosity of a newcomer to Hollywood. Chloe knew how he must feel. She herself had first viewed the bizarre wonders of the town with an almost hysterical incredulity. She got back to Keg Cochran determined to talk fast.

"About that money," Chloe resumed. "If you'd loan me—"

"Any security?"

"Well, no. That's what I wanted to explain. You see—"

"Pst!" Keg Cochran interrupted her. "Take care of Arty Meehan over there. Quick!"

Chloe took care of Arty Meehan of Bilder Brothers



The Ribber was jerked erect. Chloe looked up to see Wally's fist connect with the Ribber's nose.

Studios and a sultry-looking girl with painted-on eyebrows. It occurred to her that there were an unusual number of picture people at the Keg that afternoon. They were not, she perceived, really first-string picture people. They belonged to the noisy show-off crowd that daily packed the talked-of eating places, eager to be seen

CAR-HOP



by SEYMOUR WINSLOW

ILLUSTRATION BY JOHN B. WATROUS

CINDERELLA IN 1936!—HERE'S A LIVELY TALE OF A GIRL AND A
JOB, A PRINCE CHARMING UNAWARES, AND A FILMLAND SURPRISE

and recognized. But at times they too scattered largess. Gratefully Chloe collected eighty-five cents in tips and approached Keg Cochran again.

"Will you," Chloe said, "take my note for fifty dollars? I'm afraid it would be unendorsed."

"Sure," said Keg. "At six per cent. And deduct three bucks a week from your pay until it's squared."

That was no good. If she got fifty she would quit her car-hop job at once. She would not be on Keg Cochran's pay roll.

"You can make it eight per cent," Chloe offered, "and I'll give you my personal promise that at the end of ninety days—"

"Say, you must be crazy. Now, lam across there and see what Maurice Stack and the lady will have."

Chloe lammed. Maurice Stack and a lady! All that had been lacking in the flashy line-up around the Keg was Maurice Stack, the gyp producer. And now he had arrived—with a lady.

Maurice Stack, who as a brute heavy of silent-film days had outscowled them all, was Hollywood's most notorious idea grabber. When a major studio released a hit picture, Stack, parrotlike, put out a distorted echo of it at cut prices. The film industry held its nose. But a diminishing public continued to be cheated. On the personal side, Producer Stack kept up the flamboyant traditions of the era of lavender cars and gold bathroom fittings.

Maurice Stack in black-and-white-checked sports coat and poinsettia-red neckcloth lounged in the depths of a gaudy chauffeur-driven limousine. Beside him, pertly erect as if eager to be observed in such important company, sat a brown-eyed sapphire blonde.

The producer requested a lot of special service for himself and companion. He kept Chloe racing around endlessly with condiments, appetizers, and relishes. It was as she struck a match for the girl's cigarette that she felt a surge of wild laughter coming on. She was barely able to control it.

There she stood, an obsequious car-hop incased in a fantastic skin-snug uniform—Chloe Endicott Wells, Master of Arts, one-time associate professor of English literature of Malden College, Massachusetts, holding a light, like a page boy, for a chirping doll whose entire vocabulary seemed to consist of "O-o-o-o-oh, delish!"

It had been the call of the open road that lured Chloe away from Malden. Almost a year before the Interstate Motorbus University had advertised in the Boston papers for a teacher of English. Their ten months' itinerary included a dip into every state. It sounded like adventure. Chloe quit Malden and took the job.

The motorcade of learning rolled all the way across the continent before its creditors caught up with it. In Los Angeles its fleet of busses was attached. Teachers' salaries were then several weeks in arrears. Faculty and student body were thrown on the town.

AROUND Los Angeles there was no demand for Masters of Arts. Chloe thought of Hollywood. She was no actress; but Hollywood used workers of all sorts. She filled out a dozen elaborate application blanks—and heard no more about them.

She tried newspapers, department stores, hotels—adding her name to mile-long waiting lists. Chloe was twenty-four hours out of funds when she joined a mob that responded to a Girls Wanted ad. Keg Cochran picked fifteen new car-hops that day. He picked them for their figures. He told Chloe to feed up a little. "Put on about ten pounds and make the uniform mean something." Chloe obeyed. And the way she fitted her uniform, she realized, meant too much, quite often, to the more predatory male customers of the Keg.

Over the months she wrote letters of application to all the women's colleges in the Atlantic states. No takers. She offered herself at cut rates to secondary schools. She had got her first nibble only that morning. If Miss Wells would report to Miss Ella Spang of Miss Spang's School for Girls at North Brattleboro, Vermont, not later than September 10, she would be taken on as assistant in elementary English. Chloe dug into her savings and wired an acceptance.

To report to Miss Spang on September 10 Chloe must leave Hollywood within a week. Busfare and meals would take the bulk of eighty dollars. And she had to have clothes. Everything was going to pieces. Keg Cochran simply must accept her promise as security for that fifty.

Where had he vanished to now? Turning to look for him, she had the vague feeling that something out of the ordinary was going on about her. Suspense was in the air. Every face showed a secret amused expectancy.

Yet nothing tangible seemed changed. As always, the Keg itself, a gigantic brewery barrel, rose obesely forty feet skyward into the white sunlight. And nosed in around it fanwise, like a pushing gustatory brood converging upon a rotund porcine mother at refreshment time, were the usual number of parked cars.

CHLOE followed the half-concealed glances of the crowd and came upon a man in the coverall work suit of a mechanic who was going from car to car, wiping windshields, checking oil and water, as if his work were a customary free service to the patrons of the Keg.

For a moment she didn't understand. Then she caught sight of the man's pudgy face. It was Ribber Braylick, Hollywood's practical joker number one, king wag of the picture colony. A big laugh of some sort was in the making. She couldn't tell what. With the others she watched Ribber Braylick's progress.

Ribber Braylick reached the car with the New York plates whose pleasant-faced driver Chloe had served. That would be it! A stranger was traditional fair game for the Ribber. This unsuspecting New Yorker had been guided to the Keg for his initiation into Hollywood's merry brotherhood. The whole thing was a setup.

The Ribber stooped and opened the hood. After a moment's study of the engine he lifted his face with an expression of consternation and horror. The crowd tittered. He produced a wrench and went at the motor violently. He jerked at cables, loosened bolts, unscrewed spark plugs and tossed them over his shoulder in a furious burlesque of a repair job. The astonished New Yorker got out of his car and inquired of the Ribber what he was doing.

"What am I doing?" roared the Ribber for the benefit of the crowd. "Say, it's a good thing for you I happened along. What do you mean by letting a good engine get into that condition?" He waved his wrench at the amazed man.

"But look here! You've wrecked my whole—"

The laugh broke. Squeals, guffaws, bellows. Ribber Braylick, dropping his impersonation, banged the bewildered car owner jovially on the back. Comprehension dawned on the man. He managed a grin for the spectators, then took stock of his dismantled engine. It was, Chloe recognized, a perfect piece of ribbing—impudent, upsetting, destructive.

The hilarity had not yet subsided when Chloe heard Keg Cochran calling her name. With him at the service counter stood Maurice Stack and the blonde. She dashed across.

"Just stand there natural," Keg directed Chloe. "Alongside Miss Ortego."

Puzzled, Chloe ranged herself next to the sapphire blonde and facing the two men.

"A dead heat," observed Keg Cochran, and Maurice Stack nodded solemnly.

Miss Ortego said to Chloe, "What's your bust measure, dear? And your hips?"

"Thirty-one and thirty-two." Chloe couldn't identify this Miss Ortego as of the pictures, but hoped excitedly that she might be an actress and in need of a double to jump off a two-hundred-foot cliff or something—provided there would be at least fifty dollars in it.

"Why, that's perfect!" Miss Ortego exclaimed. To Maurice Stack she said: "When will it be, Moo? Tonight?"

"Why not?" said the producer. "Say about nine."

"Nine is oke by me," said Keg.

Maurice Stack handed Chloe a dollar bill. "For your time," he said, and moved off with Miss Ortego.

"What is this?" Chloe asked Keg, tucking away the money. "Does every one with the classic Ortego meas-

urements automatically rate a dollar? I'll work up some disguises and repeat."

Keg explained as he walked to his car, Chloe tagging after him. As a newspaper publicity stunt Miss Lydia Ortego, Maurice Stack's new unannounced screen find, was to array herself that evening in Chloe's uniform and pose as a car-hop for stills.

The shots would show Mr. Stack in the very act of "discovering" Miss Ortego in the guise of a humble but beautiful kiosk servitor. A swell build-up for Ortego's first picture, as well as some nice free advertising for Cochran's Kegs.

Chloe, off duty at six, was to get her uniform cleaned and pressed and bring it back to the Keg before nine.

"And have it looking right," Keg Cochran warned her.

"Like new," Chloe promised, and seized the moment to renew her plea for a loan: "Mr. Cochran, I'd guarantee to pay back your money at even ten per cent, but not out of wages. Some other way."

"What other way?"

"Well, at my convenience." She couldn't tell him that his money would enable her to leave for the East and another job. But she felt no compunction about it. He could get a hundred shapely car-hops at an hour's notice.

"No chance." Keg thought a moment. "But maybe I could put you in the way of picking up some quick cash. I don't know. Ask me about it tonight." He was gone.

Quick cash! If it were anything short of safeblowing she'd go for it.

A PERSISTENT plaintive tooting horn called her back to her station. A very bronzed young man in a small open roadster seemed impatient for service.

"Well, sir," he beamed on Chloe, "I've fought off five beautiful members of your corps while waiting here to talk to you. How's that for oneness of purpose?"

Keg Cochran's girls were instructed to meet brashness with courtesy. This particular young man didn't look like a member of that great tribe of cruising Casanovas; but they came in all forms. Next he would compliment her on the fit of her trousers and then try to date her.

"Sorry to have kept you," Chloe apologized, and asked what he would have.

"Oh, I wanted to wait. But now I suppose I'll have to order something. That's mandatory, isn't it?"

Mandatory! It was startling diction from one of his fraternity. He was a new variety.

"It's customary," she said politely. "Beer? A sandwich?"

"All right—coffee. But you understand it's just an expedient to get acquainted with you."

Not so very different from the others, though. He expressed himself a little more literally, that was all. Chloe wondered, as she started off, what proportion of his trade Keg

Cochran owed to the designer of these car-hop uniforms.

"Oh, just a minute!" the young man called. "You didn't ask me why I wanted to wait here so long for you."

"No," said Chloe, clinging to amiability. She knew just about what he would say next. Something like, "Because you look so darn cute in those pants."

"Because," he stated, "I simply couldn't take my eyes off your face."

Her face! Chloe felt stunned. He was totally different. Before she had recovered he went on:

"Your face—the expression on it while Ribber Braylick was working up his climax. Magnificent, that's

what it was. It warmed my heart."

"But—but how did I look?" Chloe asked, forgetting the coffee.

"Well, great. Just great! Here was this whole snickering gang as happy as so many brats watching a banana peel on a busy sidewalk. And there you stood, a gorgeous statue of searing scorn. You positively shone with disgust for the whole outrageous business. You were wonderful."

Chloe was overwhelmed. "Gave myself away, I'm afraid. But those things are so mean." She looked over to where the New Yorker, with the help of a real mechanic, was still working to get his car together.

"Mean? They're barbarous. The

She has what it takes

except one thing



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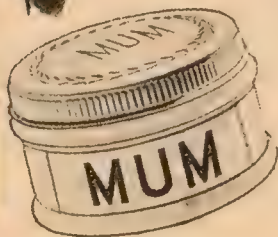
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**TAKES THE ODOR
OUT OF PERSPIRATION**

day will undoubtedly come," he said thoughtfully, "when somebody will hand Ribber Braylick one sweet definitive bust on the schnozzle. And I hope I'm there to see it."

"That wouldn't do anything toward curing mass juvenility."

"No, I suppose not. Well—I certainly wanted to shake your hand. I still do. Look." He produced a driving license made out to Wallace Hammond. "If you'll let the State of California introduce me—"

Chloe told him her name with the feeling they were being excessively formal. Not for months had any man presented himself to her with words less breezy than "Hi, Toots!"

"Chloe Endicott Wells," he repeated. "I knew it! All Yankee!" He asked her what time she'd be off and if he couldn't see her that evening. She told him where she lived with the sensation of having been dated for a Princeton prom, and hurried away to catch up with her work.

For an overtime rush job on her uniform Chloe's neighborhood cleaner charged her the dollar she had got from Maurice Stack and fifty cents of her own besides. She thought of Keg Cochran's promise to let her in on a way to quick cash and took her loss.

Wallace Hammond was pacing the rickety jigsaw porch of her roominghouse when she came down at half past eight wearing her only presentable dress.

"Skirts!" he said. "My gosh!"

"Too weakly feminine?"

"Listen. I'm so sick of women in pants, slacks, shorts, trou, overalls, and pajamas that I'm ready for a return to crinoline days. What's the bundle? Laundry? Tell me where to drive."

"The bundle is jacket and pants, if you'll permit them in your car. My uniform. We drive to the Keg."

"But I thought you were done for today."

"Am. But my outfit isn't." She told him of the planned discovery of Lydia Ortego as a car-hop. "Cinema history is about to be made," she commented.

"Well, about to repeat itself. I'm veteran enough around here to remember Stack's planted discoveries of a r'arin' rodeo girl, a Catalina fisher lass, and a Stanford co-ed. The man's a regular Balboa."

He had the tolerant cynicism of an insider. "What lot are you on?" she asked.

"At the moment, none at all." He laughed. "I'm just one of those experts with lots of leisure and wealth who stand on the side lines and have plenty to say about how pictures ought to be made."

Chloe was sorry she'd asked. He belonged to that great optimistic army of jobless studio people.

"Hope you land soon," she said.

"I'm going to. I've promised myself."

THEY pulled up at the Keg. The Stack limousine was already there. Two photographers hovered near by. Lydia Ortego had brought along a maid to help her dress. Chloe turned over her uniform, and Keg Cochran led the star-to-be to the car-hops' room within the big barrel. Chloe went back to Wally's roadster and got in.

"Loge seats," she said, settling down.

"It's the custom of the loge," said Wally, "to view things with quiet disdain. So you gibe and I'll scoff."

Lydia Ortego—gleaming hair, flashing smile—made a striking figure in Chloe's uniform. All business halted as, loaded tray in hand and with the styled walk of a chorus girl, she crossed to the car and Maurice Stack.

There, while Stack played the dumfounded customer, Lydia gave the cameras her face for a half dozen flash-lights.

"There's something in the stance," mused Wally Hammond, "that tells me she once modeled negligees."

"What beats me," said Chloe, "is how any one can expect to get talent out of a vacuum."

"Talent? Stack isn't looking for any talent. It costs too much. Any pretty girl plus lots of phony publicity produces an actress à la Stack. The gong, for him, is long overdue."

With the last shot over, Lydia gave a flounce of relief. The glass of beer on her tray skidded and upset. Its contents splashed over her from the neck down. Jacket and trousers dripped suds. "Help!" she screamed playfully, then went limp with gay laughter.

Chloe gasped. Another cleaning bill! She would end the day with less money than she began it. Quick cash—quick cash! Where was Keg Cochran? She cornered him at last and made him talk.

IT seemed Mr. I. B. Mendel, that almost mythical overlord of Fidelity Films, was giving a housewarming on Saturday night. More like it, a township warming. His great new country estate, Hacienda Grande, up San Fernando way, was finally completed, and a thousand or so people had been asked to the party. Keg Cochran was to furnish fifty car-hops. The tips, especially after the affair really got going, would be big.

"There it is," said Keg, "if you want to make a piece of jack. Reason I didn't count you in before was because you went sour the last time."

The last time Chloe had served privately was at a Malibu Beach stag. It had started at cocktail-time and got pretty messy by twelve. The size of the tips had been in proportion to the extent to which a girl was willing to be pawed. Chloe and two others had been driven to keep themselves busy in the kitchen. That was what Keg Cochran called going sour.

"Could I," Chloe asked, "work the early shift only?" She might be able to take in as much as twenty dollars before the thing got too lush.

"No shifts to this. It's straight through or nothing. Take it or leave it. I've got plenty of girls without you." He walked away.

Chloe knew just about how that party would end up. Mere pawing would give way to grappling. She needed money—but not that badly. Better to hitchhike, ride the boxcars, get there as she could.

She picked up the beer-soaked uniform and returned to Wally, deciding to clean the outfit herself this time.

The roadster swung into a park and slowed beneath a canopy of languorous eucalyptus leaves. "Now then, Chloe," he said, "crash through. What's the gag?"

"Gag?" Chloe sparred for time, knowing that she'd have to make him some explanation of herself. If she told him truthfully what a spot she was in, he would probably pity her. She couldn't stand that.

"Yes, gag. That all-purpose word of the Coastal jargon. Don't evade the question."

"I'm not. I'm just enjoying the sound of speech that goes somewhat beyond 'Draw two.'" She realized how starved she was for conversation. "Let's talk some English!" she said on impulse.

"Here goes. A good fast lexicographical workout.

A QUESTION OF CURRENT RATE

by F. Gregory Hartswick

This puzzle has a way of creating confusion—just why, I don't know. It is entirely simple, and yet—

Well, here it is:

A man is in a boat in the middle of a stream. He drops a piece of wood overboard, and at once starts rowing upstream at a constant rate. He rows for ten minutes, then turns and rows downstream at the same rate, and catches the piece of wood three miles below the point at which he dropped it into the water. What was the rate of flow of the stream?

In order to avoid any confusion: the man loses no time in turning the boat nor does the difficulty of acquiring speed from a standing start bother him. Also we can ignore the possibility that he was drifting downstream when he dropped the piece of wood. He is assumed to be motionless at that instant.

(The answer will be found on page 27)

Translated, my question is, how does it happen that you, Chloe Endicott Wells, are working as a car-hop at a Hollywood beer kiosk? An obvious anomaly."

"You're a joy to my ears," Chloe told him. "Well, I'm earning my living, for one thing."

"Right now you're dissembling."

"But it's the truth."

"It's a gag."

"There you go, bogging down into the vernacular."

"All right—retake for sound. It's some sort of deliberately mendacious temporization."

"Smacko! A philologist's field day." Chloe had gained time to concoct something plausible. "Did it ever occur to you," she asked, "that a lot of firsthand material for a Ph. D. thesis could be dragged out of a job like that?"

"Darned if it did! But I've thought of every other possible explanation since I first saw you."

He'd been thinking of her. She wished she'd met him sooner. Hollywood would have been different.

He went on: "A perfect thesis title leaps to my mind: The Influence of the Art of Brewing on Twentieth-Century Dramatic Trends."

"I could do wonders with that. No—more like The Changing Attitude of Employee toward Employer in the Modern Capitalistic State." If she were ever to do a doctor's thesis, Chloe knew, she would think of Wally Hammond and a skyful of California stars.

He knew where there was an owl-show preview, Wally said; but Chloe, with a long cleaning-and-pressing job ahead of her, had to decline. He made her promise not to leave the Keg next day until he called for her. On the floor just inside her room door Chloe found a telegram. It was from North Brattleboro, Vermont, and was signed "Ella Spang":

REPORT SEPTEMBER SECOND INSTEAD OF TENTH IMPERATIVE

The second? That was a week from tomorrow. She could make it by train if she left at once. But she didn't even have busfare—wouldn't have it until payday on Sat-

urday. And by that time even a train wouldn't be fast enough.

If she finished out her week at the Keg—and she had to do that to get the price of any transportation—she would need to travel at least part way by plane. And since no money was going to drop on her from heaven, she'd have to scramble for it as a car-hop at I. B. Mendel's big Saturday-night housewarming.

Chloe knew a girl who had come away from one of those parties with one hundred and fifteen dollars in tips. But she had come away running and left her shredded chartreuse jacket in the hands of one of the guests. Perhaps if Chloe played attentive tray bearer to Hollywood's known big tippers, perhaps if she could persuade herself, while serving a table, not to mind the inevitable encircling arm and its patting fingers—

SHE told Keg Cochran next morning to count her in on the Hacienda Grande party, and on the strength of money to come she blew herself to a pair of better stockings than she'd had for months.

Wally, prompt in calling for her, spread an evening paper across the wheel to show her the publicity photographs of the night before.

The caption spread itself: "Thinking of anything at all except new screen talent, Producer Maurice Stack paused yesterday for a bite at the popular Hollywood Keg, and found himself being waited on by the identical girl he had visualized in the leading role of his forthcoming picture, Lady of the Islands. Miss Lydia Ortego, erstwhile car-hop, has not yet recovered from her daze at receiving a three-year contract with Premier Pictures."

"Lady of the Islands," Wally said. "Reminiscently, it all unreels in advance before my inner eye. Déclassée but gallant girl, hellholes of the Far East, rusty little trading steamer."

"Dank tropical jungles," Chloe contributed, "square-faced bottles, homesick young baronet on the beach."

"Fade-out on a couple of cheek-to-cheek deck chairs silhouetted against the moonrise across the Indian Ocean."

"The fog's so thick
I can hear the
sirens whistle!"

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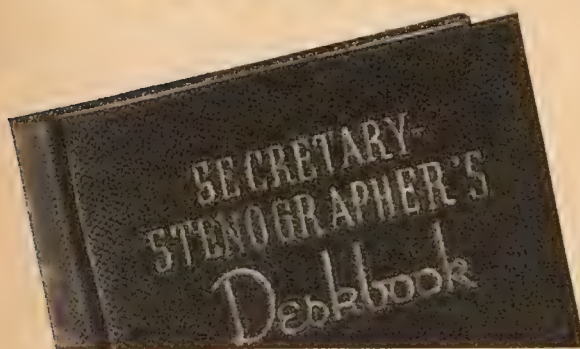
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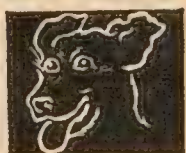
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Well, now that we've seen the feature, let's go to dinner."

Across a candlelit table Wally asked, "Haven't you just about mopped up all the data you'll need out of car-hopping?"

"Just about. Through this week."

Why hadn't Ella Spang founded her school somewhere around Los Angeles instead of North Brattleboro, Vermont? Soon, now, she would be putting three thousand regretful miles between herself and Wally.

"We'll do the Cocanut Grove Saturday night."

"Saturday night I go to the country." Chloe made it sound like a festive week end.

"Well, a week from Saturday, then."

Wednesday, Thursday, Friday evenings with Wally. Through perfumed air they skirted miles of valley orange groves; they danced at a dime a number on a block-square floor at the edge of the phosphorescent Pacific; from a summit of the Santa Monica Range they looked down on so vast a sparkling city that its most distant lights seemed to spill beyond the curve of the planet. Chloe tried to pretend there would be no end to it.

Leaving her at her door Friday night, Wally urged her to cut short her country visit. "Tell 'em you've got a heavy date in town."

"Stop by, if you want, late Sunday afternoon," Chloe said, studying his face, knowing she would remember it always.

She wouldn't see him again. She had to be at the airport by Sunday noon. She would leave a note for him—tell him everything. She wanted him to put his arms around her and kiss her. But she was glad he didn't, because that would have made it impossible for her to go. And she had to go. Car and man were a watery blur as they moved away down the street.

BY midnight the party at the Hacienda Grande was beginning to get good. Every one in picture business was there. Mr. Mendel's position in the industry was so secure he could afford to be big with his invitations. Bunched floodlights illuminated the great Spanish-Aztec castle, its many patios, its two-acre pool, its gardens, its stables and corrals.

For the occasion, and subtly linking the new California with the old, a replica of the Keg had been erected on the grounds, complete with neon lights and widely surrounded by tables. As stocked by I. B., the Keg was equipped to supply any liquid order that might be given.

Chloe, with twenty-seven dollars in tips already folded away, had covered miles rushing special orders all over the place. She had concentrated on the aristocrats of the film world, and now, conservatively, they were beginning to leave. The party was being taken over by more hilarious elements.

Maurice Stack was there with Lydia Ortego. "Moo dear," she said

to the producer, "it's our obliging little waitress. Give her something." Chloe, forcing herself to carry the thing through, bobbed a curtsy for a dollar.

Ribber Braylick was there. Chloe didn't recognize him at first in his disguise as an overalled Mexican gardener. She identified him when he began loudly to berate a quiet-mannered man for walking on the grass. When the fellow protested that every one else was walking on the grass, the Ribber, in feigned rage, pushed him backward into the pool.

The laugh was tremendous. What had Wally predicted for the Ribber—a bust on the schnozzle? To think of Wally made her eyes smart. She reached the water's edge with a tot of brandy neat as the dripping man was pulled out.

"Oh, thanks so much!" he said appreciatively in the English of England.

ONE o'clock: thirty-eight dollars. Two o'clock: fifty-three. Chloe was aching tired. But she was doing better than ten dollars an hour. Sometime between two and three Keg Cochran caught her on the run. "Wells! Special job for you."

Would it be fetching drinks, perhaps, to some supernotable who wished himself and lady served in seclusion? She asked lightheadedly, "There isn't a Petit Trianon on the place, is there?"

"No, the pastries are all gone. Now, this is for a little ribbing. In a minute, when a car drives in like at the real Keg, you walk out with a tray. Take a beer and sandwich, the same as Ortego did the other night. Put some business into it. All for a rib on Mr. Stack."

It sounded harmless enough. There should be a tip in it. Maurice Stack and his Lydia sat at a near-by table, absorbed in each other. A lane for a car had been cleared from the driveway to the Keg.

A big limousine moved forward and stopped. Ribber Braylick, dressed to caricature Maurice Stack's daytime attire, lounged in the rear seat.

"Give 'em an act," Keg Cochran instructed Chloe. As she started forward, there were preliminary giggles from the crowd. Stack and Ortego looked up, then grinned with pleasure at having been singled out for this attention.

Ribber Braylick, in exaggerated make-believe, caught sight of Chloe at the car window as she clamped her tray to the sill. He went into a pantomime of stricken adoration. Stumblingly he got out of the car, put out a hand to touch her, then withdrew it as if fearing to shatter a dream.

Chloe, disliking the nearness of his thick face, involuntarily glanced beyond him to the now roaring crowd. And there, not laughing at all, watching her with a puzzled, hurt expression, stood Wally Hammond.

Chloe felt sick with shame. She couldn't imagine what he was doing at this affair. It was bitterly humili-

ating to have him find her here, still the tip-chasing car-hop—worse, a partner in stupid buffoonery to Hollywood's low-comedy clown.

Ribber Braylick, stimulated by his good audience, rose to greater heights. Before Chloe knew what he was up to, he flung both arms about her. She tried fiercely to turn her lips away from his. She wasn't quick enough. With one hand on the back of her head, he impressed a long fleshy kiss on her mouth.

Chloe's blood boiled. To know that Wally was looking on made the indignity a torture, roused her to furious resentment. She seized the glass from the tray and sent the beer sloshing into the Ribber's face.

Ribber Braylick growled angrily, "You nasty little bobcat!" Then, once more the fool, he grabbed Chloe and threw her across his knee in the posture of a child to be spanked.

The Ribber lifted his flattened hand for the first slap. But his hand did not fall. He was jerked violently erect. Chloe tumbled to the ground. She looked up to see Wally's fist connect terrifically with the Ribber's nose. The Ribber went down. He remained where he landed, seeming not to care at all about getting up. The crowd, as if long anticipating this very thing, broke into honest enthusiastic applause.

The headlights of Wally's roadster cut a bright tunnel down the San Fernando Valley toward Hollywood.

"Reach back and get that turtle-neck," Wally said. "Put it on."

Chloe did. Her teeth stopped chattering. She began: "Wally, the reason I worked at this party—"

"I know. To get material for an addendum to your thesis, How It Feels to Get Fired in the Modern Capitalistic State."

"But I'm not doing any thesis. That was all a lie." She told him how she had come to Hollywood and why she had to leave it that very day.

"You really want that schoolmarm job?"

"Got to have it."

"All right. I'll lend you plane fare."

"I won't take it. You can't afford to do that."

"Oh, money's no problem. Except in the way it piles up over four or five generations. Why, just as a starter I'm betting three moldy millions of the cautious old Hammond money that I can turn out the kind of romantic pictures that will fill every seat. Wish you had time to look over my leased production unit at Consolidated Studios. No, the price of a one-way ticket wouldn't leave me short."

"Thank you," said Chloe. "The installments will probably be pretty small, but I'll pay it all back."

"Please do. Because I'll be taking the cash out of budgeted pay-roll funds. And that means I'll have to postpone hiring an executive secretary."

Chloe asked: "Do you need some one like that?"

"At once. I thought of you for a while. But that was before I knew you wanted to go East."

"Had to go East," Chloe corrected him.

Wally pulled up at the roadside. "Well, anyway, I'd hate to see a person I really like in such a grueling job. It's all conferences—pacing the floor, thrashing over scripts, for as long as the boss feels like it. Lunch, dinner, dancing conferences. Weekend conferences at Palm Springs. Why, if you were in that job, what we'd have to do—I'm thinking only of the dictates of the Will Hays office—is to get married. Just as a matter of cold business expediency."

"I see. Drive on," said Chloe.

Wally switched off his engine. "Even sunrise conferences. For instance, this first picture I'm thinking of. Scene One: It is dawn in the California hills. Camera picks up beautiful girl in a turtle-neck sweater sitting in a roadster beside a man who is obviously in love with her. Well, perhaps we'd better cut before the kiss."

THE END

ANSWER TO PUZZLE ON PAGE 24

The rate of flow of the stream was three miles in twenty minutes, or nine miles an hour. The man rowed upstream for ten minutes, then downstream at the same rate till he caught the piece of wood. When he went upstream the current hindered him; when he went downstream it helped him in the same proportion. Therefore it took him another ten minutes to catch his piece of wood, or twenty minutes in all, during which the wood had drifted three miles. It doesn't matter in the least how fast or how slowly the man rowed.

ANSWERS TO TWENTY QUESTIONS ON PAGE 19

- | | |
|--|---|
| 1—Thomas Alva Edison. | 11—The Panama Canal. |
| 2—In Canada. | 12—At Bonneville Salt Flats, Utah. |
| 3—Merle Oberon. | 13—Grover Cleveland, on June 2, 1886. |
| 4—A Berlin. | 14—James Fenimore Cooper. |
| 5—Léon Blum. | 15—Bituminous coal. |
| 6—At Baltimore, Maryland, spanning Gwynn's Falls. The bridge was officially opened December 21, 1829, and is still in service. | 16—The coral. |
| 7—The Cricket on the Hearth. | 17—An old-fashioned dance. |
| 8—The late Harry Atwood, a Chicago attorney. | 18—Prince Napoleon Joseph Charles Paul Bonaparte (1822-91). |
| 9—Four hundred and ninety times. Matthew 18: 21, 22. | 19—A Roman nose. |
| 10—Dr. Schuyler S. Wheeler. | 20— |

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4 stars—Extraordinary
2 stars—Good

3 stars—Excellent
1 star—Poor

0 star—Very Poor

Turbulent Days in Frisco Live Again on
Comedy of Marriage, and an Engaging

★ ★ ★ ½ SAN FRANCISCO

THE PLAYERS: Clark Gable, Jeanette MacDonald, Spencer Tracy, Jack Holt, Jessie Ralph, Ted Healy, Shirley Ross, Margaret Irving, Harold Huber, Edgar Kennedy, Al Shean, William Ricciardi, Kenneth Harlan. Directed by W. S. Van Dyke. Story by Robert Hopkins.

A LAVISH account of the last days of the bawdy Barbary Coast, San Francisco culminates in one of the most terrific and frightening spectacles ever filmed. This camera record of the quake and fire of 1906 is a technical masterpiece.

Seldom has any great catastrophe been imitated with such savage reality, and because of these gripping sequences alone San Francisco attains outstanding appeal.

Unfortunately, the remainder of this somewhat emasculated portrait of America's one-time Sodom is hardly plausible or touching. The characters are just actors busily skipping through the traces of stock theatrical situations.

Though he is asked to embarrass the audience by kneeling and thanking God for not destroying Jeanette MacDonald in the quake, Clark Gable is excellent as the fun-loving czar of the underworld. It is to his thriving bordello that Miss MacDonald, fresh from the country, comes for employment. That this unsullied lass should win her way into the calloused hearts of Mr. Gable and his patrons is a cinema axiom.

Spencer Tracy, a pugilistic priest and boyhood friend of Gable, serves as a sort of offstage commentator on the wickedness of the times.

Despite the authentic settings and the efforts of the large and able cast, San Francisco's only claim to greatness is in the remarkable earthquake sequences. They will shake you right out of your seat.

VITAL STATISTICS: Those bricks that fall on your dear uzzums-guzzumsy Clark Gable in the earthburp scenes were made without mortar—just papier-mâché. When Clark had to uncover some one from debris, however, real bricks were substituted for sound effects. Sections of walls were made to break away, attached to wires so's they'd pull down at the proper offscene incentive. . . . Earthquake was a field day for the studio technicians, but nary a miniature was used except the courthouse and the city of San Francisco itself, a bit too large for even M-G-M to reproduce in its entirety. . . . Nobody got hurt and that enormous fissure that opened was carefully constructed and operated on Culver City back lot, special machinery being constructed to yank earth open and turn on broken gushing water mains. . . . Earthquake, actors, Emerson-Loos writing combine came to \$1,200,000, almost as much as original earthquake itself. . . . Clark Gable refused a double in the earthquake scenes and got \$7.50 stunt-man check for same. . . . Jeanette MacDonald got first break dancing for Ned Wayburn show. She's a natural redhead; used to be plump; lost nine pounds singing in this. Her hobby's collecting miniature musical bands; she's a tennis dabbler. . . . Spencer Tracy asked for the part of the tough priest and looks tougher on screen than off. . . . Old-timers, attention: See if you can recognize faces of 24 old-time stars, including Florence Lawrence, Rosemary Theby, Naomi Childers, Fritz Brunette, King Baggott, Harry Myers, Flora Finch, Helene Chadwick, Kenneth Harlan, Neyland Hamilton, and others. . . . Ex-pugs of real Barbary Coast mugged too: Sailor Vincent, Nate Slott, Joe Glick, Kid Mitchell, and Chink the Killer. . . . Boys' choir was Paulist Choir of Long Beach, California. . . . The whinsey musician is none other than Mr. Shean of Gallagher (deceased) and Shean. . . . D. W. Griffith visited and directed Jeanette MacDonald jazzing up song San Francisco. . . . Louis B. Mayer, M-G-M bigwig, once sang entire aria to pep Jeanette MacDonald up and show her how to put her discouraged self over.

★ ★ ★ THE BRIDE WALKS OUT

THE PLAYERS: Barbara Stanwyck, Gene Raymond, Robert Young, Ned Sparks, Helen Broderick, Billy Gilbert, Anita Colby, Robert Warwick, Vivian Oakland, Willie Best. Directed by Leigh Jason. Story by Howard Emmett Rogers.

ONE of the wittiest pieces of the season, The Bride Walks Out romps merrily through the series of emotional entanglements that befall a struggling young married couple. Paced by Robert Young, who completely steals the show from its stars, Barbara Stanwyck and Gene Raymond, the picture sprints with a delightful abandon that abounds in easy laughter.

Deftly directed by Leigh Jason, the bright script has Gene Raymond and Barbara Stanwyck as a much-in-love pair whose domestic bliss is hampered by Raymond's inability to earn more than thirty-five dollars a week. As the bills pile up, the ambitious wife, against her husband's strict command, secretly returns to work. When the husband learns of this, masculine pride forces him to leave his wife, and their strained relationship is further complicated by the abrupt entrance of an alcoholic playboy who supplies the amiable menace.

Though he gives this gay comedy its sprightliest moments, Robert Young throws the story away off balance. For his characterization has so much more intelligence and charm than the dull worthiness of Gene Raymond's that the intended happy ending is really just an acquiescence to movie convention.

Splendid support is given the stars by the caustic Helen Broderick, frozen-faced Ned Sparks, and especially by Billy Gilbert, who, as a wistful bill collector, lends hilarity to every scene he touches.

VITAL STATISTICS: An iceboat on Lake Erie a few years back collided with another bearing Leigh Jason on vacation, busted three of his ribs, knocked him as far as California to recover from shock. Leigh, studying pharmacy and directing; likes it better than putting ham on rye. . . . Work on moonlight location scenes along Pacific 18 miles north of Malibu Beach was interrupted by sudden running of grunion. The grunion's a small fish that gets washed up on beach on moonlit nights, leaps and frisks till next breaker washes it back to sea again, and can be caught with the hand. . . . Gene Raymond—or rather Raymond Guion of New York—hates his curly hair and has soaked it in hogsheads of straightener to make it lie flat. His hair's not really blond but is actually brownnet. . . . Helen Broderick sits on the set knitting afghan after afghan, keeping up a running fire of witty comment, those snappy blue eyes not missing a trick. Says she became an actress because there was nothing else to do. . . . Barbara Stanwyck plays her second comedy role in this, glad to be rid of parts like Illicit. Hates temperament; thinks it but vanity overcoming moral halitosis. Takes advice from everybody of simple tastes around her. With Helen Broderick, she deliberately bobbled lines to help nervous Anita Colby, debutting ex-model. Wants to spend years touring South Seas. . . . Robert Young, who keeps describing himself as the best struggler in a struggling family, keeps being cast as dissolute young millionaire, and, despite much budgeting and economy in real life, keeps getting better and better studio parts. After day in a monkey suit at studio he wants to relax in old clo's. . . . Sourpuss Ned Sparks is of Guelph, Ontario; always vacations at 2,000-acre estate in Quebec wilds; sleeps with Betsy, toy bulldog, at foot of bed, Betsy having won place by killing rattlesnake that wanted to get Ned one night. He flopped for gold in Yukon rush, but made \$200 a week singing in saloons there; is no deadpan for friends. . . . Billy Gilbert is world's champion sneezer and does it all without pepper, colds, or mirrors.



Clark Gable and Jeanette MacDonald
in a scene from San Francisco.

Comes Back

the Screen—Mr. Young "Steals" a Giddy Waif Emerges from the Pages of Bret Harte

by BEVERLY HILLS

★ ★ ½ M'LISS

THE PLAYERS: Anne Shirley, John Beal, Guy Kibbee, Douglass Dumbrille, Moroni Olsen, Frank M. Thomas, Ray Mayer, Barbara Pepper, William Benedict, Arthur Hoyt, James Bush, Esther Howard. Directed by George Nichols, Jr. Story by Bret Harte.

THERE is not another Hollywood actress quite like Anne Shirley. Her playing is imbued with an elusive quality—an adolescent sincerity and a fragile comedy flair—that makes this young performer as distinctive in her way as Mae West or Garbo. In M'liiss, her latest and a typical vehicle, Miss Shirley once more scores in a role that might seem ridiculous in less sensitive hands.

Based on the Bret Harte story, M'liiss tells of a mining-town waif whose guardians are a professional gambler and a barber, and whose best friend is the town's leading bad woman. The picture is a placidly charming account of the girl's struggle for respectability and happiness.

M'liiss is given such feeling restraint by George Nichols, Jr.'s, wise direction, and has been so softly photographed, that it emerges as an engaging portrait of a lustier era. As its star is given able support by John Beal, Douglass Dumbrille, Guy Kibbee, and Barbara Pepper, this comes as a gently persuasive item for your more relaxed moments.

VITAL STATISTICS: M'liiss, writ in 1873, was made silently by Mary Pickford when Anne Shirley was but two. Mary gave Anne a toy rabbit then; today Anne can give away her own toy rabbits.

... Anne Shirley was, you know, born Dawn Evelyn Paris, in New York City; became Dawn O'Day, kid actress. Got movie start when Director Nichols, casting Anne of Green Gables, remembered a bit she'd done in Rich Man's Folly (Bancroft pic) which he had cut, being a cutter those days. Thirteen years ago Herbert Brenon offered Mrs. Shirley \$50,000 to adopt Anne. Got refused. Today Anne hands over \$50,000 annuity to her mother to pay off debt. Shirleys live modestly in new modest home, father having died when Anne was very young. ... Guy Kibbee pays his doctor \$1,000 a year to keep him healthy. Every time Guy gets sick, doctor's fees are deductible from the grand. Guy hasn't needed a doctor since he was brought into this eight ball fifty years ago last March. Hopes this way to live to be a hundred. Says he'll owe it all to fish and no alcohol. ... Babs Pepper doesn't want to wring the heartstrings with tear-jerking parts. Just wants to make you laugh—a notable and unusual ambition for an ex-Follies girl. Babs recently reconciled her fambly to the scarlet profession of acting. Was born in Hotel Astor. No, not the lobby! ... Doug Dumbrille prays heaven every night he be made a good man on the screen—as he is in this, his first non-heavy in thirteen meanie starts. Claims he's the kindest man in the world and after finishing a part has to go to the pound to befriend some stray just to rehumanize himself. ... Rose Coghlan II, granddaughter of The Rose, is tucked away somewhere in this.

★ ½ THREE CHEERS FOR LOVE

THE PLAYERS: Eleanore Whitney, Robert Cummings, William Frawley, Elizabeth Patterson, Roscoe Karns, John Halliday, Grace Bradley, Veda Ann Borg, Louis da Pron, Olympe Bradna, Billy Lee. Directed by Ray McCarey. Story by George Marion, Jr.

PARAMOUNT'S unpretentious contribution to the current tap-dancing craze, Three Cheers for Love, is a lightweight farce that works diligently in its attempt to produce laughs. And when the film is displaying the lithe Eleanore Whitney it has a catching rhythmic flavor. But for the most part this is but a tepid though enthusiastically enacted affair that affords mild diversion.

Utterly silly, the story has Miss Whitney as the agile daughter of a harried motion-picture producer. Leaving

Hollywood for the more cultural environment of New England, the girl enrolls in a staid old finishing school. Stranded on the financial rocks, the school is taken over by William Frawley's vaudeville troupe, which spends the semester preparing a revue that they hope will take them all to Hollywood.

The school show is no worse than many studio concoctions, but the build-up to it lacks both spontaneity and honest humor. Best numbers are Where Is My Heart? and Learn to Be Lovely. Best dance is the fencing routine by Miss Whitney and Louis da Pron.

VITAL STATISTICS: Paramount fashions these trifles experimentally at about \$350,000, hoping to pull a star from joyful Paramount College undergrads therein. Would cost about \$200,000 to put over said star, if found. ... Rob Cummings is of Joplin, Ohio. Got cold-shouldered by B'way managers; steeraged on borrowed money to England; motorbiked around, getting thoroughly Anglicized. Changed name to Blade Stanhope Conway, had self photographed in front of marquee with fake name—thanks to a bribed janitor; sent picture to seventy-eight B'way managers;

followed it himself in beautiful British suit—coming by steerage. Was immediately bickered for, got stuck into Ziegfeld Follies, changed name to Bryce Hutchins, met and married Vivian Janis, became himself again. Toured to Hollywood, argued with King Vidor he was from Texas and had real Suth'n drawl; got stuck into So Red the Rose, and is now rapidly becoming typical American juve.

Eleanore Whitney used to be carried into Cleveland banquets in huge packages out of which she'd spring and do a tap dance. Crashed Bill Robinson's dressing room at Palace Theater, New York, got his attention by almost dancing herself dizzy, then free lessons when she convinced Bill she was a tappin' fool. Now Bill calls her fastest human on two feet. She's eighteen, five feet, weighs ninety-six, wears a 3½ shoe. ... Fledgling Olympe Bradna is named after a French theater in which she was born at a matinee where the Bradnas were performing. She's fifteen, a full-fledged Follies Bergère actress. ... Undergrad Louis da Pron learned to dance to drums in his Denver youth; can tap faster than the tapometer can record. Married Dorothy Hod-

shire of San Diego on set during making of this. ... Nebular star Veda Ann Borg's knees banged together so badly on first facing the cameras, she almost shook herself out of the scene. But everybody on set pitched in and quieted Veda's kneesies by being terribly nice. ... Songsmiths Robin and Rainger confess a good tune writes itself: Love in Bloom, Please, June in Jan taking half-hour apiece. ... Muggsy Bill Frawley used to be a chorus boy in The Flirting Princess, Chi musical, and confesses to being first crooner! Crooned for cakes and ale at old Levy's Bar in L. A.

FOUR-, THREE-AND-A-HALF-, AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—The Green Pastures, Show Boat, The Country Doctor, These Three, The Trail of the Lonesome Pine, Captain Blood.

★★★★½—The Road to Glory, Anthony Adverse, Under Two Flags, The Great Ziegfeld, Mr. Deeds Goes to Town, Sutter's Gold, Captain January, Little Lord Fauntleroy, Follow the Fleet, Modern Times, Next Time We Love, The Milky Way, Anything Goes, Ceiling Zero.

★★★—The White Angel, The Poor Little Rich Girl, The King Steps Out, Fury, The Princess Comes Across, The Dancing Pirate, The Ex-Mrs. Bradford, Let's Sing Again, Small Town Girl, The Moon's Our Home, Petticoat Fever, Too Many Parents, Everybody's Old Man, Screen Snapshots, Love Before Breakfast, Three Little Wolves, The Prisoner of Shark Island, Gentle Julia, Wife Versus Secretary, It Had to Happen, The Voice of Bugle Ann, Rose Marie, The Petrified Forest, Magnificent Obsession, Professional Soldier, The King of Burlesque.



Playboy Robert Young and the struggling young married couple, Barbara Stanwyck and Gene Raymond, in *The Bride Walks Out*.

The CASE NEW JERSEY Would Like To FORGET

READING TIME • 17 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

MR. FISHER began this series last week by telling how he came to meet John Hughes Curtis, the Norfolk, Virginia, shipbuilder. Nine days after the Lindbergh baby's body was discovered, an attorney from Norfolk called at Mr. Fisher's office in Flemington to retain him to defend Curtis, who was in jail there. He then shared the general impression that Curtis was a hoaxer, but went to look him over, was won to him, and listened to his story.

Curtis said that in the evening of March 9, 1932, he had been approached by a man called Sam, who professed to be go-between for the Lindbergh kidnap gang. They wanted Curtis to go to Colonel Lindbergh for them; they would return the baby if assured that the ransom money was deposited in a Norfolk bank, to be paid after the return. One impatient member of the gang was already trying, in the North, to contact Lindbergh through "some other guy." (Later, Curtis took that to have meant, through Jafsie Condon.)

On March 22 Dean Peacock and Admiral Burrage accompanied the shipbuilder to Hopewell. They found the Lindbergh house overrun with police. The Colonel listened to what Curtis had to tell, but insisted that he would do nothing about a ransom payment before he was given positive proof that he was dealing with those who really had his kidnaped child. He invited the three from Norfolk to stay to dinner, and Curtis was surprised by the constrained manner of the butler, Ollie Whateley. But his heart went out to Anne Lindbergh; on her account he resolved to "see it through."

On March 25 Sam phoned him to come to New York, and to a cafeteria on Seventh Avenue next day after midnight. He went. There was Sam at a table. He sat down beside him.



PART TWO—THE GANG TELLS ITS STORY

WELL, Captain John," Sam began in his broken English, "you have news, yes?"

"Not much," said Curtis. "Colonel Lindbergh is not willing to discuss any future plans for the return of his son until you furnish him with particulars regarding certain characteristics of the child."

If Sam was surprised, he did not show it. He stared gloomily at the piled-up tables of the empty cafeteria.

"I can't give you that right away," he said. "You see, the child, it is with a German nurse. I never seen it. What you say I get her to write out this description for you to give the Colonel?"

"I think that will be O. K. with him, but for my own satisfaction I want proof that

your crowd really stole this child. Can you give me that proof now?"

Pictures, Inc., photo
Colonel Lindbergh
at the time of the
search for his son.

Sam, too, must have realized that every-



Curtis's shipyard at Norfolk, where he recalled having seen the mysterious Sam and another member of the gang.



Pictures, Inc., photo

The Lindbergh home immediately after the kidnaping was discovered. From a remarkable flashlight photograph.

thing hung on his answer to that simple inquiry; for he looked up as if he were searching John Curtis's very soul to decide how far he could trust him. Then he said:

"I'll take you to meet the rest of the gang, Captain John, and let them tell you about that."

John Hughes Curtis was no fool and no coward. He knew what breath-taking possibilities—and what unbelievable dangers—this suggestion opened up to him.

"Let's go!" he said, rising.

But it wasn't so easy as all that. The men had to be prepared, and the nurse's letter describing the baby had to be written. Several evenings passed before Curtis and Sam met again in the cafeteria on Seventh Avenue.

Meanwhile developments came thick and fast.

Chief among them was the surprising news that Sam's gang would accept \$25,000 instead of \$50,000 for the return of the baby.

Kidnapers voluntarily reducing ransoms!

It didn't make sense.

"There are good reasons," was all Sam would say in explanation.

John Hughes Curtis with his children, Constance and John.

New, Startling Revelations Concerning
the Supposed and Suspected "Hoax"
Which Turns Out to Be the Deepest
Enigma in All the Lindbergh Mystery

by
C. LLOYD FISHER



This was obviously not the kind of information that could be trusted to the wires or the mails. To get it to Lindbergh, somebody must make another trip to the Colonel's house. Curtis, who had returned temporarily to Norfolk, was altogether too occupied to go; so Dean Peacock volunteered for the long tiresome journey by plane and motorcar.

The wind was blowing so hard and the atmosphere was so dense that no other planes had left the base the day Lieutenant Richard, who was later to be so active in Curtis's various expeditions, took off with his passenger for the Philadelphia naval air station. But Dean Peacock had seen nearly five years of service with the Canadian Army during the World War and had learned to endure the hardships which fell to his lot.

The Lindbergh home, when he finally reached it, was alive with action. The garage had been converted into headquarters for the troopers and equipped with telephone trunk lines and teletype machines. The whole place was like a combat general's headquarters behind the front line.

"I am Dean Peacock," the clergyman told the troopers, "and I am expected by Colonel Lindbergh."

He was then ushered, not into the library as before, but into the office used by the state police. This had formerly been the servants' sitting room. Here he was cross-examined by several men who tried every device they knew to learn the reason for his visit. One introduced himself as Captain Emory Land, a cousin of Colonel Lindbergh.

"The Colonel is very busy," said Captain Land. "Suppose I carry your message to him."

"I flew here today all the way from Norfolk, Virginia, to talk with Colonel Lindbergh," replied the dean with dignity. "If he cannot spare me a few moments, I shall return to my home and leave the matter as it stands."

Finally one of Schwarzkopf's men withdrew, and shortly reappeared followed by Colonel Lindbergh, who apologized for the delay.

THEN, according to Curtis, the following conversation took place:

"Have you been here long, Dean Peacock?"

"Yes, about a half-hour; and I prefer to talk to you in private."

"Very well. I will ask my cousin and the other gentlemen to withdraw."

"I suppose you have seen by the papers that John Curtis has again been in communication with his contact."

"Yes, I know he has. Has he secured the desired information for me?"

"Only as to the amount of ransom. The gang has named \$25,000 as the desired amount, and, as you already know, it is simply to be deposited in the name of Admiral Burrage, John Hughes Curtis, and myself."

"This I will be glad to do when the identification of my son is furnished me."

"But suppose, Colonel, that this man Sam is prepared to hand over the child when John Curtis next sees him.

So that there will be no delay, will you not agree to receive the child, and pay the money when you have said 'This is my child,' without going through the form of a preliminary identification?"

"I prefer to handle the matter in the way I previously told you, Dean Peacock."

Colonel Lindbergh's continued insistence on a preliminary identification when it seemed so simple to cut right

through to the return of the baby—which was the heart of the matter—never ceased to amaze the Virginians. Curtis quotes Dean Peacock as saying to him and Admiral Burrage on his return to Norfolk:

"I couldn't help thinking that I would rather run the risk of having a hundred wrong children presented for my inspection than to have my own son held even one unnecessary hour."

NORFOLK is not a large city as cities go. The news of Dean Peacock's visit to Lindbergh spread

rapidly. The church and the rectory, the dean's home, were surrounded long before he reached Norfolk by a milling throng—reporters, cameramen, moving-picture operators. So great was the excitement that special police were detailed to guard the rectory that night.

Finally the message from Sam arrived. Curtis was to meet him that night at the cafeteria at twelve midnight.

"Follow me through the Holland Tunnel," Sam whispered, "then to the Hudson-Manhattan station in Newark. It is there we will find the crowd waiting for us."

Curtis did this—using a big car he had borrowed for the purpose from his friend Edwin Bruce—and upon reaching the appointed place found four men waiting, as Sam said they would be.

As they approached, Curtis saw that one of them was a man who, like Sam, had been in his shipyard in Norfolk several times. Curtis did not know him by name, but now learned that he was George Olaf Larsen. He was a man in his early forties, of medium height, with drab-colored hair combed straight back from his forehead. He had the ruddy complexion of a seafaring man. Sam always addressed him as "Boss."

The second man was introduced simply as Nils. Curtis could not recall ever having seen this man, although he insisted that years before he had been on a rumrunner named William A. Morse, a boat seized while in Hampton Roads by the customs officials and brought to Norfolk and tied up alongside the Curtis dock. Nils was perhaps thirty-two and plainly a Scandinavian, judging from his blond hair and florid complexion.

The third man, John, Curtis had never seen before. He was rather good-looking, with a splendid physique; from his accent, either Norwegian or Dutch. Curtis saw at once that John considered himself a man of importance, and that Nils and the fourth man, called Eric, seemed to share this opinion. He was possibly forty-five years old. Eric, a rather colorless nondescript person, was about ten years younger than John and apparently of the same race.

All of Curtis's new acquaintances were plainly dressed in dark suits and brownish overcoats. Quite a contrast to Sam, who was always flashily dressed. Tonight Sam



Acme photo

Dean Peacock leaving the Lindbergh home in a navy car with Lieutenant Richard (at right) who had flown him up from Norfolk to Philadelphia.

wore a light-gray topcoat and a still lighter gray hat.

"Your car is the largest," said John, addressing Curtis. "Suppose we use it."

They all got in, and directed him to Cape May, New Jersey. He had had no idea where he was going when Sam piloted him through the tube, but he saw no reason to turn back now. He told me that at this point he had already reached the conclusion that John, Eric, and Nils were a trio, and that for some reason Larsen and Sam had been drawn into their plans.

"Sam he says you want some proof we do this job," began John as the car started. "Well, suppose I tell you exactly how we do it. One night, about one-month before the kidnaping, I go to some party with a girl friend of mine, a German trained nurse, at a roadhouse outside Trenton. There I meet a member of the Lindbergh and Morrow household—which one I don't say. For some time I think I do this job, and put the child with my girl friend, the nurse. I know I need inside help, so I get this person to help me. I promise plenty good money for the trouble . . ."

At the Cape May cottage occupied by Larsen, Hilda, Larsen's wife, let them in through the front door, and led them into the glaring light of the dining room.

WHAT a picture! John Hughes Curtis, first citizen of Norfolk, Virginia, president of the German, ex-president of the country club, commodore of the yacht club, sitting in Hilda Larsen's golden-oak dining room, while across the table, in grim array, sat five ruffians who boasted they had snatched from his cradle the world's most famous child!

"You were saying—"

"Ja," said John, resuming his story. "On this night, March 1, Nils, Eric, the German nurse, and myself, we drive in a green sedan to the lane leading up to Lindberghs'. We park some three hundred feet away. Sam follows us in his car. He parks still further away, on a high spot by the main road, so he can signal me with his lights if some other car comes into the lane.

"Nils and me, we walk to the nursery window and put up the ladder which we have with us. It is in three parts so as to fit in the car. When we climb through the window, we have a blanket, a rag, and some chloroform, just enough. We do not leave by the way of the window, because the ladder it is so unsteady. We come down the stairs and out the front door."

John then drew from his inside pocket a chart. It was a homemade affair done on an ordinary piece of drawing paper about twenty-four by thirty inches. It gave the layout of both the upstairs and downstairs of the Lindbergh home, and, as Curtis verified later, was very accurate as to the location of the rooms.

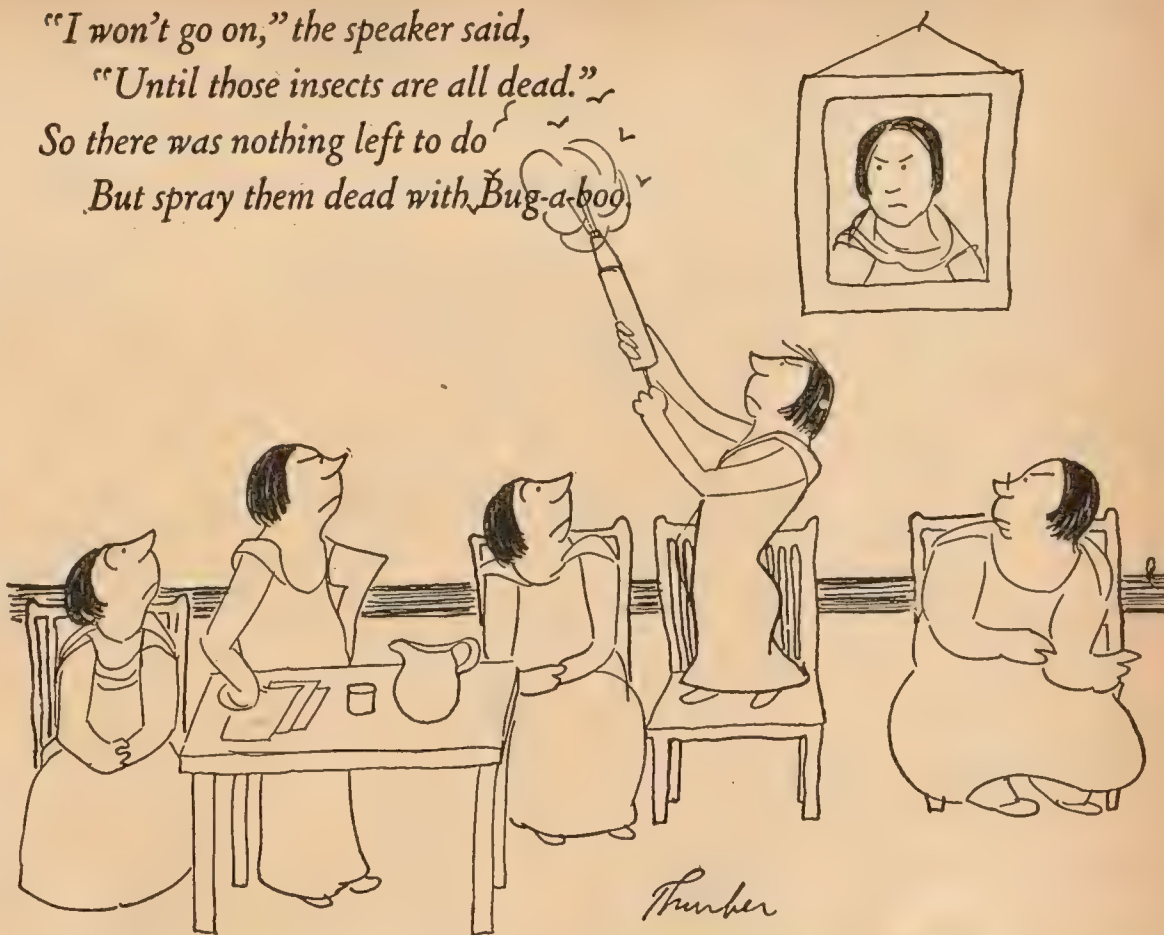
"You see this here," said John, pointing to a small passageway near

"I won't go on," the speaker said,

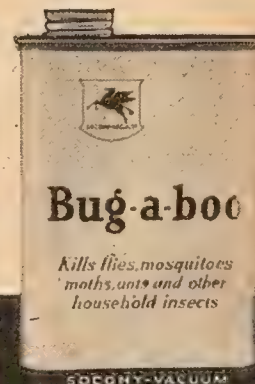
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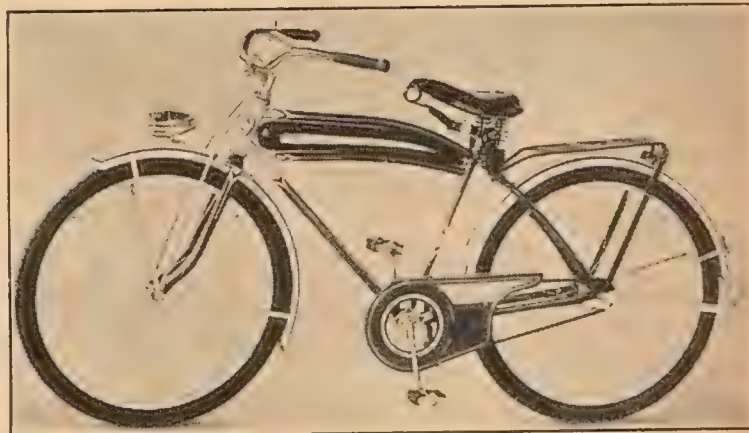
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the front door. "That's a pantry, and it's a hallway between the kitchen and the front hall. We had this locked on the hall side, so if they got wise in the kitchen or servants' quarters they'd have to go all the way round through the dining room and living room to get to the front hall. You'll find that key on the hall side even now."

"I'll check on that," said Curtis, and thought no more about it until the next time he entered the Lindbergh house. Then, sure enough, there was the key exactly in the position John had described it.

This seemed a most important bit of evidence to Curtis, so he immediately told Lindbergh about it. Whereupon, Curtis told me, the Colonel listened intently, and then, without comment, got up and left the room, returning almost immediately; and when he, Curtis, left the house a little while afterward, the key was no longer in sight.

The woman Hilda, who had been hovering in the doorway during John's long boastful harangue, now spoke for the first time, and without a trace of accent:

"Mr. Curtis, I am very much ashamed of my husband having anything to do with this affair. True, he didn't have anything to do with the actual kidnaping, but he allowed these men to use his boat, and operated it for them. I want him to do everything in his power to return this child to his parents. I also will help in any way I can."

Her husband and his friends let these remarks pass unanswered. But Curtis, true to his training, rose promptly from the table and bowed low to this plain honest woman.

He little knew how consistently he was to depend upon her faithful assistance in the days to come.

"If you want to see that car we use, come to the garage with me," said John.

They went out, and John opened the back door of the small double garage.

"What is this?" Curtis asked, noting a padded box in the back seat of the car.

"That's the crib we make to fit in the car."

It was a plain pine box. An outboard motor might have come in it. There was some padding in the bottom and over this lay a blanket. The box was about two feet wide and about three feet long.

Curtis, whom I know to be the most sensitive of men, shuddered as he examined it. Then he returned with John to the dining room.

It was Larsen who now spoke.

"I have the letter for Colonel Lindbergh," he said, drawing an envelope from his pocket. Curtis saw the words "Colonel Lindbergh" half printed and half written in what looked like a woman's handwriting. Larsen said it contained a complete description of the child.

"GOOD!" said Curtis. "Why not go with me to his home at once, deliver the letter in person, and make your arrangements directly with him? I'll introduce you as a contact man, and swear no harm will come to you. You should have no fear, as Colonel Lindbergh and his wife have made a public appeal through the press offering immunity if their child is returned."

Larsen hesitated, but, persuaded by his wife, finally consented.

Outwardly Curtis showed no emotion. Inwardly he was in a ferment.

He had met the kidnapers. He had obtained the letter of identification describing the baby. He had with him one of the members of the gang. All the way from Cape May he envisaged the safe return that very day of the stolen baby to its mother's arms.

It was morning when they drove into Trenton and parked in front of the telephone office on State Street. This was Monday, April 4. Larsen and Curtis went into the main office, and Curtis introduced himself to the manager.

"I wish to make a very personal call to Colonel Lindbergh at Hopewell," he said, "and I was wondering if you could arrange for me to use a private line."

"That is unnecessary," replied the manager courteously. "There will be no leakage from this end if you use the public booth in the lobby."

Curtis thereupon called Hopewell and spoke to Colonel

Lindbergh. He had no trouble in getting him this time, for he used the code word Lindbergh had suggested: Memphis.

"I have some one with me that I know you will be interested in meeting. Can you see me at once?"

"I am very sorry, Mr. Curtis, but I am leaving here now on an important errand. Call me tonight about eight o'clock and I will arrange to see you at that time."

Eleven hours to wait—with a kidnaper on his hands!

Could he control the situation that long?

The two men left the office separately, and Curtis drove around the corner and picked Larsen up.

"It looks like we will have to wait until tonight to see Lindbergh, Larsen," he said.

Larsen was very jumpy, but agreed. They drove around for some time, and finally headed for Plainfield.

"I have relatives here, Larsen," Curtis said. "Suppose I go to see them."

"All right," said Larsen. "I'll go to the movies."

Curtis picked him up about six in front of the movie house, and drove slowly to Trenton. This time they drew up in front of the Reading station, and used the phone in the women's waiting room.

The Colonel had not returned and had sent no message.

"I refuse to wait any longer," blurted the Swede. "I've fooled around too long already. How do I know they aren't just going to trap me?"

CURTIS was desperate now. "Wait," he said. "Let me telephone again."

This time he told the exact situation to the man at the end of the wire, but got nothing except a suggestion to call later.

Larsen now blew up completely. Back to Cape May he must go!

The strangely assorted pair were unnecessarily long in reaching the Larsen cottage, for Larsen insisted they were being followed and forced Curtis to leave the main road several times. Curtis's own nerves were near the snapping point, as he had not been in bed since Saturday night and it was now very nearly Tuesday morning. He was sick of the whole business and especially of the man beside him. So he was not sorry to part company with his big Swede.

It wasn't until late that afternoon that he remembered that Larsen had walked off with the letter identifying the baby!

"We had both been so nervous and exhausted from the strain of over twelve hours of waiting and lack of sleep," Curtis told me, "that I suppose it had slipped his mind as well as mine at the moment of our parting. I have no way of knowing whether he would have actually given me the letter if I had had the presence of mind to ask for it, because he still felt that Lindbergh was trapping him and that was why he had not kept the evening engagement."

As a matter of fact, Lindbergh was very apologetic about the trouble his absence had caused.

"I can't tell you now what delayed me," he said, "but you may learn about it soon."

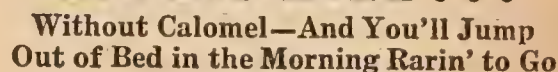
Curtis did learn about it—and soon. Later that same day the New York Times called him on the phone and told him that Lindbergh had paid out \$50,000 through a certain Dr. Condon of New York.

Curtis could hardly believe his ears. How could the cautious Lindbergh, who had hung back so consistently in his dealings with him and the admiral and the dean—refusing even to look at the baby until he was sure it was his own—hand out all that money *without getting anything for it?*

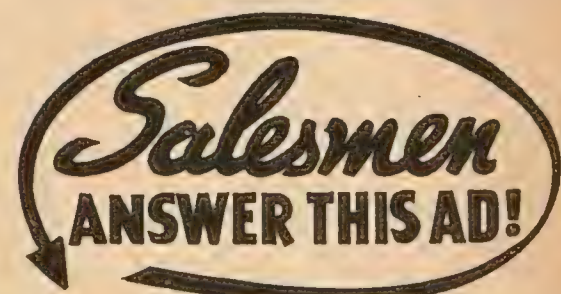
Curtis was glad he wasn't in that Dr. Condon's shoes!

Who actually was the "John" to whom Jafsie gave that fifty grand? Could he have been the John in the gang Curtis dealt with? That man, Curtis told Mr. Fisher, not only bragged of being Jafsie's "John" but exhibited proof of it—and when Lindbergh heard about the proof he became quite willing to co-operate with Curtis, and their sea adventures began! All of which will appear in next week's installment of Mr. Fisher's narrative.

A black and white portrait of a smiling woman, partially obscured by a large, dark, torn paper effect. The woman is looking towards the camera with a gentle smile. The image is framed by a dark, textured border that resembles torn paper or a torn film strip, creating a dramatic and artistic effect.



Laxatives are only makeshifts. A mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up". Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills by name. Stubbornly refuse anything else. 25c.

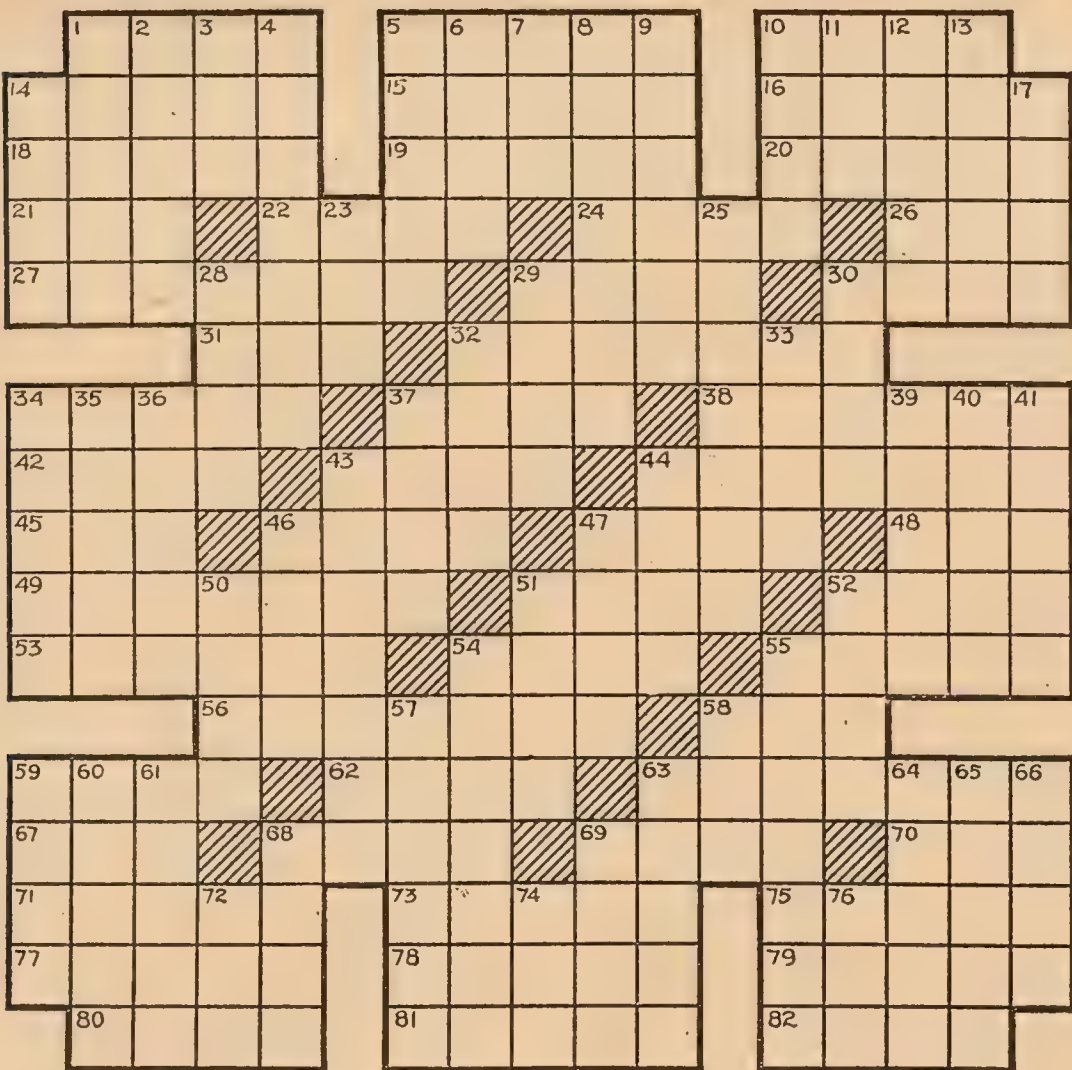


By return mail we will rush you details of the most outstanding men's tailoring proposition ever made. No matter if you have tailoring experience or not—as long as you can sell—that's all is necessary. And surprise of surprises!—**NO RAISE IN PRICE!** Strand's last season low \$21.50—Made-to-Measure Suits and Overcoats—**CONTINUED!** With big commissions—with big monthly bonus plan. Free Outfit, Free Advertising Helps, Fast Delivery—**EVERYTHING—Wait!**—Don't decide to sell anything before writing **Strand Tailoring Co., Inc., Dept. 7, 2501-2521 E. Eager St., Baltimore, Md.**

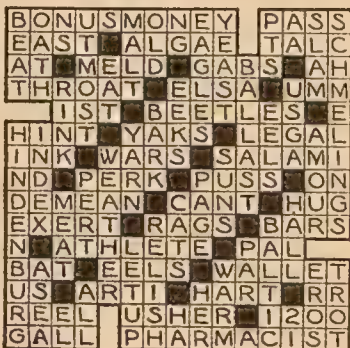
Everything advertised in Liberty is guaranteed by the publishers to be as represented. Every advertisement in Liberty is examined to avoid misleading statements and false claims. Readers may buy with confidence.

STUDEBAKER

DEALERS FOR
SIB USED
CAR VALUES



- 1 A levee
- 5 Soiled with mud
- 10 An inhabitant of
South Africa
- 14 Rodents
- 15 Town in Maine
- 16 Fell into error
- 18 Kilns
- 19 Ore deposit (plural)
- 20 Allow to remain
- 21 Fastening device
- 22 Ardor
- 24 Wading bird
- 26 Billow
- 27 More relentless
- 29 Urges on
- 30 Small retired valley
- 31 Process of doing
- 32 City in Italy
- 34 Man's name
- 37 Secular
- 38 The Muse of astron-
omy
- 42 A kind of biscuit
- 43 Auction
- 44 Unmarried girl
(plural)
- 45 Character in an Ibsen
poetic drama
- 46 Italian coins
- 47 Intone
- 48 A fuel
- 49 Whole grains
- 51 Dispatched
- 52 Hill or ridge of sand
- 53 One of an ancient
Jewish brotherhood
- 54 Open way for vehicles
- 55 Unintentionally parts
with something
- 56 Ranges about
- 58 A fit of peevishness
- 59 Exclamation



62 Price
63 More than two
67 A kind of preserve
68 Aid
69 Character of a sound
70 Woman's name
71 Ascend
73 Measure of content
75 Refresh
77 Take place again
78 Expiate
79 Makes level
80 Transmit
81 Tears
82 Trial

- 1 Hoisting device
- 2 Woman's name
- 3 Range of knowledge
- 4 Necessary constituent
substance
- 5 Tooth
- 6 A metal
- 7 Measure of length
- 8 In a state of action
- 9 Administration of
medicine
- 10 A trumpet mouth
- 11 Native metal
- 12 Blot out

13 A noisy feast
14 Jumps
17 Distribute
23 Allow
25 Proceeding
28 A frame
29 County in Ohio
30 Extinct
32 Narrative
33 Spruce
34 The common fern
35 Wiles
36 Employers
37 Etruscan title
39 A beverage
40 Silly
41 Equines
43 Absolute stillness
44 Obey
46 River in Siberia
47 Large bodies of water
50 Tidings
51 Kind
52 Love foolishly
54 Interval of rest
55 Young hare
57 A coin
58 Confine
59 Slightly opened
60 Roman tutelary gods
61 An oblong cloth
(eccles.)
63 Painful spots
64 Characters of an
early Teutonic alpha-
bet
65 Concerning
66 Authoritative rules
68 Large group of ani-
mals
69 A cloth shelter
72 Heavenly body
74 Measure of weight
76 Evening (poetic)

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue

Conducted by MAJOR BOWES



Major Edward Bowes

Greetings, amateurs!

I have never found more pleasure doing anything than I have found in editing this page.

The reason I say this now is because of a letter from one of you remarking that we must get awfully tired of looking through the material that comes in every mail.

The fact of the matter is that every mail is an adventure and every contribution is a surprise. There is always a pleasurable thrill of anticipation with each contribution received, for with each manuscript or drawing there is the hope that I may be the first to discover a new genius.

You may be thrilled to discover yourself included on this page, but I assure you that your thrill is as nothing compared to the one we get when we open an envelope and discover a contribution that can be used. So keep on trying.

In submitting his entry, H. Lawrence Hoffman of Providence, Rhode Island, flippantly writes that he is depending on his typing and not his poetry to win him a place on this page.

His red-and-black-typewritten masterpiece could not be reproduced but his smart philosophy can.

*If to life you're cynical
You'll never reach the pinnacle.*

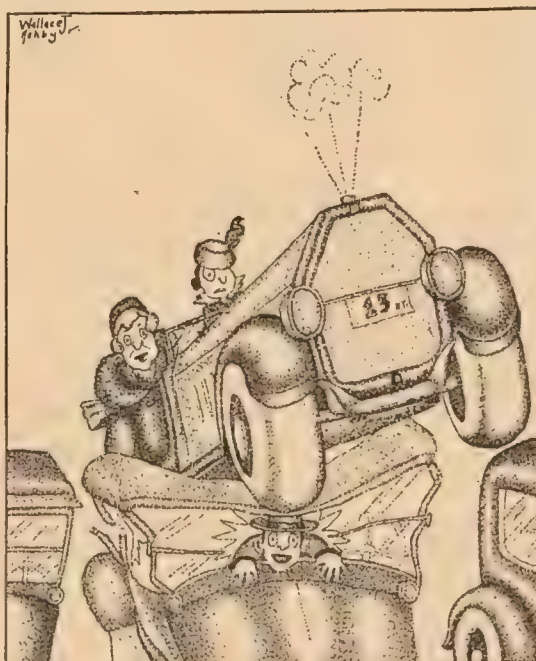
AMATEURS!

Very little time remains for you to submit your entries for the consideration of the jury of readers which every week awards the prizes to the lucky ones in this search for hidden talent. Any delay in sending in your contributions may lose you not only a place on this page but the opportunity to win a cash prize.

Some gems of philosophy come from Atlanta, Georgia, as F. W. Hausmann proffers a remark on life:

We cannot always choose the music for our parade through life; but we may set the pace and keep the step!

Using an unusual technique for a cartoon, Wallace Ashby, Jr., of Salt Lake City, Utah, submits this bit of fun in stipple. Interesting, isn't it?



"Well, thank goodness, we've solved the parking problem!"

M. Genevieve Sennett of East Syracuse, New York, cleverly illustrates some "conversational trends" in three short verses.

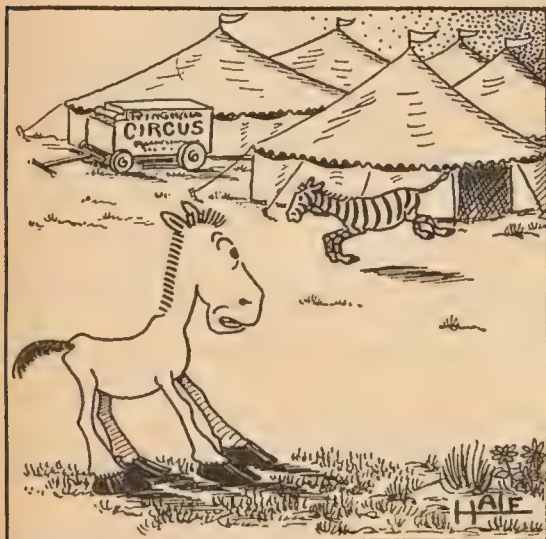
CONVERSATIONAL TRENDS

*In grandma's day it was the style
To have the rheumatism.
The dames detailed their remedies
With touching optimism.*

*In mother's era it was smart
To have an operation.
Each lady gave, in solemn tones,
A thrilling recitation.*

*My generation talks about
Its mental disposition.
The Freudian complex leads the
vogue,
And then the inhibition.*

Well, your third contribution proved lucky, didn't it, Don Hale of Phoenix, Arizona? I'm glad you had the stamina to keep on trying.



"An escaped convict, by gosh!"

Kay Limerick of Rock Falls, Illinois—whose name would indicate a sense of humor—sends in a few "obserkaytions." They are well done and wisely written.

Love is a disease—but cheer up! Nowadays there is nothing chronic about it!

Flirt and the world flirts with you. Marry and you sit at home!

In novels men used to "love not wisely but too well." These days they seem to love too wisely to love well!

This might be from Joe Miller's scrapbook but isn't. The contributor is Samuel B. Lees of Los Angeles, California.

WIFE: I've given you the best years of my life.

HUSBAND: Then heaven help me from now on!

Riddles, quips, epigrams—what a time we have going through them! Here is one that Mrs. G. O. Biars of Hinton, West Virginia, sent in. I think it is commendable.

An uninvited guest is the best thing going.

HONORABLE MENTION

This week honorable mention goes to S. R. Woolley, Toronto, Ont., for his short story; and to Mitchell L. Crawley, Jr., North Hollywood, Calif., for his cartoon; also to Anita F. Richardson, Atlanta, Ga.; G. E. Quigley, New York City; Sherman Wiseman, Duluth, Minn.; Loretta McGann, Providence, R. I., and C. D. Hale, Galveston, Texas, for their poems.

PRIZE WINNERS, JUNE 20

This week the first prize of \$25 goes to Mrs. Marie Connolly, Racine, Wis., for her poem. Steve Brown, Needles, Calif., wins the second prize of \$10; and third prizes of \$5 each go to LaMoyn Hill, Louisville, Ky.; Leroy E. Gulick, Lambertville, N. J.; and Alan Waller, Des Moines, Iowa.

RULES

CONTESTANTS: Only bona fide amateurs are eligible to submit material. Amateurs can send in short stories, verses, quips, epigrams, jingles, bright sayings, jokes, snapshots, drawings, cartoons—anything.

Send material to:

LIBERTY'S AMATEUR WRITERS PAGE

Major Edward Bowes, Editor,
P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station,
New York, N. Y.

PLAGIARISM: Copying is called plagiarism, and plagiarism is literary theft. Any one submitting a plagiarized article through the mails and receiving and accepting remuneration therefor is guilty of the federal offense of using the mails to defraud. Liberty's Amateur Contest begins anew each week, with similar prizes and awards.

PRIZES: Each amateur whose work appears on these pages will receive \$5.

KEEP CARBON COPIES: Liberty will not return rejected material, nor can the editors enter into correspondence regarding contributions.

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VOTERS!

ADDITIONAL AWARDS BY READERS' VOTES: A first prize of \$25 will be paid for the contribution on this page which receives the greatest number of votes; \$10 will be paid for the item with the next highest total of votes; and \$5 each for the contributions receiving the three next highest totals. In the event of ties, duplicate awards will be paid. To be counted, your ballot must be postmarked on or before the date on the cover of this issue.

Send votes by note or post card to Liberty's Amateur Page, Major Edward Bowes, Editor, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

Double-Trouble at the Movies

Do You Suffer From It? . . . A Sympathetic
Theater Man Speaks His Uncensored Mind

by RALPH COKAIN

READING TIME • 5 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

I'M not so old in years; and I haven't been in the theater business so long, either. But from the day I started carrying films, up to the present, when my position is that of advertising manager for three theaters in a typical Midwestern town, I've never seen such a menace to the motion-picture industry and the public as the practice of double features.

I'd been skeptical of the practice. But it remained for me to see such a policy adopted in the theaters I work for to become convinced of its evil.

Every theatergoer, every one who likes movies, is vitally concerned in this evil. Even you perhaps, as you read this, can recall time and again the boredom you suffered by having to sit through one bad feature to see a good one. Maybe you've suffered in silence, but all the same you've been disgusted with this type of program presented to you in the guise of entertainment.

Locally, I've heard innumerable complaints from patrons.

I don't blame those complaining patrons. But what irks me is that theaters continue, week after week, to shove such an entertainment policy down the public's throat while the poor moviegoer yells, "Stop!"

True enough, there is a small minority who think they are getting more for their money simply because they sit twice as long. However, very few can recall the time when both features on the same program were equally outstanding. One was bad.

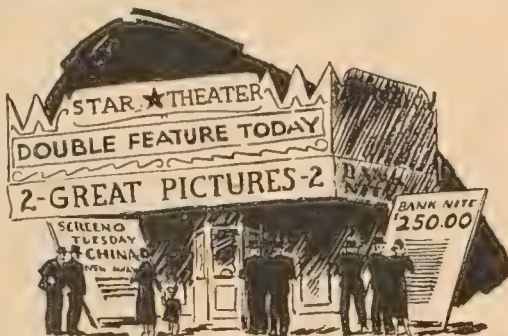
The exhibitor can't arrange double features, can't afford to operate under such a policy, unless one of the features is cheap and mine-run. Therefore it stands to reason that, whereas you may sometimes think you are getting more for your money, you are as a matter of fact being cheated. And still the policy continues!

I can understand the theater manager's side of it. His business took a tumble during the depression. He had to think up some scheme to build it up again. At the same time he contracted for so many pictures that in order to play them on time in accordance with his agreement with the producers he had to double on his programs.

It was a novelty at first, but the public is tiring of it. No greater proof of this is needed than the fact that not only double features are necessary to attract patronage, but bank nights, china-gift nights, sweepstakes, and other forms of give-away inducements as well. If double features were satisfactory from the patrons' standpoint, these other schemes to get more business would never have been necessary. As it is, the poor exhibitor, along with his two features, has so many special give-away nights that entertainment is losing out in his theater.

And patronage, too, is decreasing. The manager thinks his patrons want quantity, and he gives it to them. When that doesn't work, he adds the element of chance. The patrons, however, would much rather have one good feature, balanced with the proper amount of short subjects.

The producers, to a certain degree, are just as much at fault as the theater manager. They know well enough that the pairing of features cuts down on their revenue.



They know, too, that the added give-away inducements are eating into their profits. Yet at the same time they add more features each season to their line-up, with the exhibitor buying so many he can't fulfill the terms of his contract unless he pairs them.

The producers can do a great deal to put a stop to the practice, and they're already taking action. They're studying the grosses their pictures brought

in during the past season. And they're discovering that in almost every case they made more money from features that were too good to pair with another of lesser value.

I wish it had happened sooner. I've been scared to death that Hollywood would be so busy with its own troubles that it would fail to feel the pulse of the public. I'm breathing a little easier. The producers have joined forces with the public in putting an end to the practice. And that is good news.

The producers' first step is to make longer features. It was longer features, features that in spite of their length packed an entertainment wallop in every foot, that won Academy awards, movie-magazine medals, blue-ribbon awards of merit from trade papers, and box-office medals for their unusually high grosses. It is longer features that Hollywood is now turning out in the first stage of its war on "doubles."

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer is already road-showing *The Great Ziegfeld*. In its present form it runs a little over three hours. But that's about the length of two features, you may contend. Why make them so long? If we tire of a program of trailers, news, and a pair of features, you argue, won't we be just as exhausted after seeing one feature?

FOR the answer, three things must be taken into consideration: First, Hollywood doesn't intend to increase the length of pictures unless they are "meaty" enough with entertainment to sustain the interest. Second, the public has sat through two features for so long that the producers believe one good long picture would be much more preferable than two mediocre short ones. Third, the temptation to add another feature is practically abandoned if the running time of the first feature is too long.

If Hollywood keeps up the production of longer features, injecting into them strong entertainment to take care of lengthened running time, double features will be on the way out.

It will be a lingering death, I'm afraid. I wish all the theater managers from the Atlantic to the Pacific would join forces to stop the practice, and all do it at the same time. But that won't be done. It will take time. But once it is out of the way, producers, exhibitors, and the movie-going public will be happier. And I, for one, will sigh with relief and throw out my chest when I see one of last night's patrons coming toward me.

At least he won't be complaining about that gosh-awful double-feature program he endured last night.

THE END

HELL IN THE HOLY LAND

by

LOWELL
THOMAS

with

KENNETH
BROWN
COLLINGS

READING TIME
24 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

MR. THOMAS last week interrupted Todd Gilney's account of the campaign with Allenby to tell his own story of Lawrence of Arabia. He met Lawrence in Jerusalem, and got official permission to accompany him and his Arabs in the desert. Todd, who was to push on with the British army, of course, agreed to swap stories with his friend Lowell when the two should meet again.

Joining Lawrence at Aqaba, Mr. Thomas learned in detail about what he had thus far accomplished. When the Sultan of Turkey proclaimed a holy war against Great Britain, the Arab Sherif of Mecca and his sons disregarded the proclamation and revolted. They took Mecca and the port of Jidda; but at Medina, after fierce fighting, their revolt came to a standstill. It would have died but for young Lawrence turning up: an archaeologist, a scholar, a second lieutenant on two weeks' leave! He proceeded to weld the warring Arab tribes into a compact force, and to prove himself a strategist and tactician. He and Feisal captured Yenbo, then Aqaba. Medina he spared; the Turkish supplies being sent there by rail were more valuable than the city itself, and Lawrence with his high-explosive "tulips" was gathering in the supply trains. It was old Auda, Robin Hood of the desert, who told Mr. Thomas the great story of the defense of Petra, a battle won by Arab women under Lawrence's generalship.



News came that Allenby was driving on toward Damascus. Lawrence set out to protect the right flank. Mr. Thomas made for the Holy Land by plane—and now we find him reunited with Todd Gilney.

PART SEVEN—THE ROAD TO ARMAGEDDON

TODD sat in his headquarters in Damascus with a nasty scar on his forehead that had not been there the last time I saw him.

I had arrived in the city after a frenzied trip north from Arabia. Answering Todd's questions, I had told him all about my experiences with Lawrence.

"What has happened to the army?" I asked. "And what happened to *you*?"

"Everything has happened that could happen, including a hairbreadth escape from losing the Holy City to the Turks again, running afoul of my friend the Countess Warbuta—and getting shot. She shot me."

Then he told me all about it from the beginning:

When you left Palestine, Lowell, we held a line from Jerusalem to Jaffa, but it was far from secure. Falkenhayn wasn't convinced that he was whipped. He made one more try for the Holy City; he hit us with everything

Falkenhayn Hits Back—The Fall of Jericho—"Hog" Hampshire Crosses the Jordan... A Thrilling Story of the Last Crusade Approaches Its Climax



Quick as lightning she whipped up a revolver and snapped, "Stay where you are, Captain Gilney!" I started for her.

he had—and he almost succeeded. He didn't, but it was the most heroic Turkish effort of the entire war.

The Turks weathered our artillery barrage; they crashed through our machine-gun defenses. We slaughtered them wholesale, but they drove right up to our trenches. They heaved hand grenades, then charged with the bayonet. We broke up the attack, but the Turk was only four miles from Jerusalem's walls when we did.

That was too close, especially in view of what might happen next. The War Office had warned Allenby that he might lose his veterans. He had to be ready to transfer them to France at a moment's notice. He would receive green replacements which would have to be trained before we could even think of advancing on Damascus. Worse! *Our defensive position was entirely too weak to protect us during the training period!*

One glaring weakness was our failure to hold Jericho and the Jordan. Another vulnerable spot was Jaffa, where the children of Israel at last got their first and only port, and where Peter saw "A certain vessel descend, as it had been a great sheet."

The situations in those two places were bad enough with seasoned troops; they were impossible if raw replacements were to defend our hard-earned advances.

Something had to be done before we lost our veterans.

Allenby did it! He planned a lightning series of attacks designed to push the Turk back at vital spots and protect Jerusalem. We were to hit the fords of the Auja River first. I flew down to the coast to have a look at the preparations, and landed on a field behind Jaffa. The first person I ran into was Peter Drummond. He was looking for another airplane.

"What's the matter with your old one?" I asked.

"There are some holes in it," said Drummond. Then he told me what happened.

The Royal Air Force—they changed the name from Royal Flying Corps—had already received some replacements. The new pilots were mere boys; they didn't know a Fokker from Adam's off ox.

The veterans escorted them across the lines on their first two or three raids, lest a Turkish or German veteran burn them up before they had cut their milk teeth.

A lad named Bryce came up to Drummond's Nieuport squadron. He was scheduled to go out on a morning patrol with another pilot. Drummond volunteered. He told Bryce to stick right on his tail no matter what happened. If Drummond gave the signal, Bryce was to high-tail for home—and ask questions afterward.

They hadn't gone more than ten miles behind the lines when Drummond's rotary motor started to sputter. He was so busy playing with the carburetor adjustment that he didn't see three Pfalzes drop down from above. When he did look up, he wobbled his wings frantically as a signal for Bryce to go home.

Bryce didn't see it; he stayed. Two Pfalzes jumped his tail. Spandaus yammered, hell popped—and Drummond fought madly with his needle valve.

TWO Germans boxed Bryce. The third dived for the kill just as Drummond's motor roared into life. He pulled up and plowed into the path of the diving German.

He couldn't bring his gun to bear, but he cut in between the diving Pfalz and Bryce, and forced the German to pull away or else crash. It must have been a sweet instant for Peter Drummond as he waited to see what the Pfalz pilot would decide to do.

He pulled up! Drummond turned on another Pfalz, and wobbled his wings again as a signal for Bryce to leave. This time Bryce saw him. He dived out of the fight—and Drummond's motor conked again!

Peter kicked the Nieuport into a spin. It was the only thing he could do; it made him a more difficult target for the Germans. They saw the black smoke belching from his motor; they knew he was crippled. They let Bryce get away and ganged on Drummond. They followed him down, guns blazing.

Peter pulled out of the spin just over the treetops. He flattened out and landed—deep in Turkish territory. There didn't seem to be anybody around on the ground, but there were three Pfalzes upstairs, and they were having a swell time! Peter wasn't!

The Pfalzes took turns diving on the helpless plane and filling it full of lead. Peter slid over the edge of the cockpit, slumped to the ground, and pretended to be dead—and still they didn't stop. They made two more passes at him. Bullets kicked up dust on every side. They missed him by inches—but *they missed*.

The Turks decided he was dead and went home.

Peter jumped to his feet. He tinkered with his motor and finally got it to hitting—enough to limp off the

ground. He barely cleared the treetops on the take-off; he started south, motor spitting and coughing.

He never did get higher than a few hundred feet, and two miles farther the motor quit again. He was so low that he couldn't choose his landing place. He poked his nose over, luckily into a big clearing.

There was a Turkish camp in the meadow, but he couldn't help that. He rolled to a stop right in front of the Turkish officers' mess tent where the officers were eating lunch. His motor was still ticking a little; as the Nieuport stopped, it banged out a backfire, and the most surprised bunch of Turks in Palestine tumbled out of the tent brandishing forks and table knives.

Their pistols were in their living quarters. They couldn't do anything more drastic than grab the tips of Drummond's wings to keep him from taking off. They took hold—and just then Peter's motor caught again. Now he *could* take off, except for those restraining hands.

He touched his trigger; a burst of machine-gun fire rattled across the airdrome. It scared the Turks stiff, and they let go. Of course the gun couldn't hit them; it could only fire straight ahead; but by the time they thought of that, he was in the air.

The Nieuport roared away from the mess tent. The officers' clothesline, which was drying their weekly wash, was in the way. Peter's right wing snagged the rope; off it went, clothes and all. He disappeared over the trees dragging everything from handkerchiefs to undershirts. A pair of riding breeches clung firmly to his tail and flapped in the propeller blast.

This time he got as far as the lines before his motor conked. Then it let him down for the third time—squarely in the center of no man's land. The Turks took one look at the British insignia on the plane and riddled it with rifle and machine-gun fire.

Peter jumped out and dived into a shell hole—just in time. He stayed there until dark, then crawled to the lines. A volunteer detachment of Tommies crawled out under cover of the darkness and pulled in the plane.

"They could have saved themselves the trouble," said Peter. "It was ruined. But the breeches were all right. See? I got 'em on!"

He did have. Aside from two bullet holes, they were a perfectly good pair of ex-Turkish pants.

The Auja River is the boundary line between Judea and Samaria. We were south of it; the Turks held the northern bank. The situation was especially bad because the Turkish artillery was parked on a hill which commanded the Jaffa-Jerusalem road. And it wasn't going to be easy to capture their position. The River Auja formed a natural defense.

I HAD a motorcycle sidecar to speed up my reconnaissance work. They tried to give me a driver to go with it, but I didn't want him; Hog Hampshire could do that job. Hampshire was delighted. Benson wasn't. Bullets didn't scare that laddie, but the idea of riding in a sidecar with Hampshire driving did.

I said, "All right, Benson. I'll ride and you can walk—into Jaffa. When you get into the city, give this note of authority to the provost, then start canvassing the houses of the German colony and see how many rugs and carpets you can collect."

I had an idea we would need them; I'll tell you why in a minute. Benson started south and Hampshire drove me north, as close to the river fords as we could get without the Turks hearing the noise of the exhaust. We walked the rest of the way and waited for darkness.

Our next move was a midnight swimming party to find out how deep the water was and whether or not the Turks had blocked the fords. It was one nasty job. We couldn't strip for fear the Turk sentries would spot the whiteness of our naked bodies. We took off our boots, tied them around our necks, and slid into the inky water.

It was cold—plenty. The bottom was full of snags and the stones of the fords cut our feet. We worked our way downstream. We swam, floated, waded. I slipped and made a big splash. A Turk sentry ran to the water's edge. He threw a cartridge into the chamber; I heard the click of his rifle bolt. Both of us sank to our chins and held breathlessly still.

The sentry wasn't sure whether he had heard anything or not, but he wasn't taking any chances. He hung around for ages—or so it seemed to Hampshire and me, crouched in the water and slowly freezing to death!

Finally he went away. We finished our work and crawled shivering on to the southern bank. Both of us had caught heavy colds which we didn't lose for weeks—but we had found out what the staff needed to know: *the fords were unusable*. An advance party of a few men might work their way across, but the heavy rains had made the water so deep that large bodies of men in marching order would become hopelessly tangled and founder.

That was bad. It meant that we would have to use boats and rafts and construct pontoon bridges. But to keep from being slaughtered, we had to surprise the Turks, and building bridges and marching across them made that difficult.

Still, I wasn't going to give up hope until I heard the results of Benson's mission into Jaffa. I had suspected from the first that we would have to build bridges, and that was why I had sent him scouting for rugs. *If we could find enough of them to carpet the boards we might successfully deaden the sound of the marching feet.*

Meanwhile we must build boats and train men to use them. We asked for volunteer boatbuilders. The volunteers got out of sentry duty, so every man in the army who had ever seen a hammer said he was a carpenter. The results were pretty terrible, but they would float. The boats were canvas-covered wooden frames. The rafts weighed plenty; getting them into the river wasn't going to be easy.

NOW where were we to find enough experienced boatmen to handle the craft without capsizing them and sprinkling soldiers all over the Auja River? Hog Hampshire was pessimistic but he had a suggestion:

"Those hams will never do it, sir, without practice. There's a big pond back there a bit. We can launch the boats and train the crews on the pond just as well as on the river."

He was right. We practiced, and it was lucky we did. The amateur boat crews were awkward even in daylight. Tommies clouted each other over the heads with oars, capsized boats by the dozen. Then they tried it at night and it was worse. They put their feet through the canvas and the boats sank. We fished them out and repaired the holes.

But in three or four days the boys had the hang of the thing. We parked the boats and rafts in the orange groves of Saron. We were ready to go!

Zero night arrived. It was pitch black and raining pitchforks. The torrents of rain soaked the canvas and doubled the weight of the boats. The men detailed to carry them had a bad time; but it was nothing to what the Scots who lugged the rafts had. They sank to their knees in mud and slime—and they couldn't even curse: orders called for absolute silence.

However, there was less likelihood of detection by the Turks across the river. They would be seeking shelter from the elements in dugouts or houses. At least, I hoped so.

The advance party crossed on foot. The Tommies plunged into the water—and the current swept them off their feet. Two were drowned before they progressed three yards. Major Brandon, who commanded, saw what was happening. He didn't dare shout any orders. He whispered into the ear of the nearest soldier:

"Pass this word down the line from ear to ear: Form fours, lock your right arm around the man next to you, and hold on to the man in front with your left."

It was done. The human serpent struggled across and reached the other side. The first boats were launched; Tommies rowed them across with muffled oars. The Turks hadn't heard a thing yet.

I crossed in one of the first boats with Hampshire. The boat tipped perilously. The river gushed over the gunwale. Nevertheless we landed on the far bank. We rigged a rope across the river so that the following boats wouldn't need to be rowed: their passengers could haul them hand over hand.

Enough soldiers were across to protect us from a Turk-

ish attack—perhaps. We started work on the bridges. Engineers fought the current and pushed the cumbersome rafts into place, then lashed them together. They ran beams from one to another and covered them with floor boards from the German ballrooms of Jaffa. Then they spread the carpets. The troops started across—and maybe I wasn't just a bit happy when I saw that my scheme worked! The carpets muffled the tramp of the marching feet. There was hardly a sound.

But the bridges swayed under the weight of the troops. The vibration snapped one of them in half! It pitched an entire platoon into the river. There was a mad silent scramble to get out, and the advance went on.

We *did* surprise the Turks. Most of them were huddled inside huts, secure in the belief that the Auja River protected them from attack. They discovered their mistake suddenly. Grim dripping-wet Scots flung open the doors, grenades poised in their hands. The thunder-struck Turks marched out, hands over their heads.

We took the town of Muannis without firing a shot. We rushed a trenchful of Turks, blocking the approach to Hadrah, with the bayonet; they never knew what hit them. Aside from the squish of wet shoes and the shuffle of footsteps, there was still no noise. We did our work so silently that the Turkish officers knew nothing about it; they were sound asleep in the darkened houses of the town. We organized a door-to-door search to rout them out and tell them that they were prisoners.

In the last house in town I saw a light. I led a squad of men quietly into the garden, peeked through the window, saw a table littered with papers and a Turkish officer working over some maps. We went around to the front door and rapped. The officer answered the knock himself. He was a prisoner before he knew it.

I thought he was alone but I couldn't be sure. I sent the corporal inside to search the house. He came back in a minute or two.

"Sir," he said, "there's a lady inside, and she's got the wind up and won't come out. She's afraid British soldiers ain't gentlemen. Says she wants to talk to the officer in charge."

I said, "All right. I'll talk to her. Take the prisoners back to headquarters."

I walked through the darkened front room and into the rear of the house. I stepped into the light and saw—
The Countess Warbuta!

I DON'T know which of us was the more startled. All she said was, "You!" I didn't say anything; I didn't get the chance. Quick as lightning she whipped up a nasty-looking little revolver and snapped:

"Stand where you are, Captain Gilney!"

I started for her. She didn't hesitate. The pistol barked; I felt something hot in my arm. I was a fool not to stop then—but I didn't.

I reached for her gun. She fired again.

I woke up in the hospital in Jaffa. The bullet in my arm didn't matter, but if the one that creased my skull had been half an inch lower—

Well, it wasn't. The countess had vanished into thin air—but, Lowell—

I'll catch that green-eyed spy yet!

The Auja crossing made the left of Allenby's line se-

cure, but the right was still in bad shape. The Turks held Jericho and the fords of the Jordan. Until Lawrence and his Arabs advanced north of the Dead Sea, that would endanger our right flank. The Turks were strongly entrenched; they felt pretty safe.

They were justified. The country around Jericho has been called "the wilderness" since the beginning of time. It was a maze of jagged mountains and yawning chasms cut by the floodwaters of the Judean rainy season racing down into the Dead Sea and the Jordan.

The key position was Talad ed Dum. The Turks fortified that mountain's crest with modern guns. But the transfer of our veterans was coming any day; we had to chase the Turks out before it happened.

The London troops charged the first Turkish defenses at Muntar, close to the historic road from Jericho to Jerusalem, where the Israelites let go the scapegoat to "bear upon him all their iniquities unto a land not inhabited."

THE defense was heroic—but the Londoners won! The Billjims were off to the right, "nigh unto Jericho," where "a certain blind man sat by the way side begging."

They were *fighting their way through the pages of the Bible*.

Snipers picked them off as they led their horses down the tortuous passes of the wilderness between the pilgrims' road and the Dead Sea. Machine guns mowed them down as they turned up the Jordan valley in the shadow of Nebo's lonely mountain, "which is in the land of Moab, that is over against Jericho," where the Lord sent Moses to "behold the land of Canaan . . . and die."

I was with the cockneys. We hit Talad ed Dum, and it was a tough nut to crack. Every crevice sheltered a

sniper; every rock covered a machine gun. Turkish marksmanship was improving; they made every bullet count. The cockneys suffered horribly but they were game.

Our artillery opened against the hill. The cockneys attacked the slope under a rising barrage. Nothing could stop them. The Turks saw themselves being surrounded. They abandoned both fort and town, retreating across the Jordan while they had the chance—and—

Jericho was ours!

We had chased the Turks out just in time. No sooner had we done it than the long-expected word came down from London transferring most of our veteran infantry divisions to France. The need of foot soldiers on the western front was so dire that they even dismounted some of our Anzac cavalymen and sent them along. I took a look at what was left, and our green Indian replacements—and, Lowell, I'll admit I was disheartened. Almost any one would have been—except an Allenby.

After Jericho he held victory within his grasp, only to have it snatched away. He could have pushed up the Jordan and the far side of the Sea of Galilee to Damascus, and the Turks knew it. His inability to do it now was no fault of his own. It was enough to crush any general. But Allenby took a deep breath and went to work to build a new army.

He formulated an entirely new plan of campaign. Falkenhayn knew that Allenby's logical path to Damascus lay "over Jordan"; he thought we would attack that way when we were ready. Allenby helped him to think so.

Allenby's plan was Gaza all over again—in reverse.

At Gaza we aimed at the seacoast and hit inland. Now we had every intention of attacking along the coast, so we piled up our troops and made gestures in the mountains and beyond. Not even in the days of Joshua had the Jordan plain held such a mighty host. But that, Lowell, was after we "went down" and "took the fords of Jordan toward Moab." The taking wasn't so easy.

The Londoners attacked the river at Hajlah. They had to force a passage across in the face of withering machine-gun fire. One raft only reached the far side before the Turks saw them—and then the party began.

I was proud of Hog Hampshire that day. They had him down at the Jordan because of his experience with the boats at Auja. He was now Sergeant Hampshire, also because of his work at Auja, and was ready to crown anybody who called him "Hog."

He went across on the first raft with twenty-six men. At least five hundred Turks jumped them. But the far bank of Jordan was a mass of thickets. The boys hid behind the bushes and fought for their lives and those behind them.

Hampshire's raft had towed a rope across. We tied it to a tree and started sending raft-loads of reinforcements across. Maybe they didn't catch hell! They were far worse off than the men already on the far side. The rafts were big, slow-moving, easy targets, and they came one at a time. The Turks concentrated all their fire on each raft as it left the bank. By the time it got across it was a morgue. There was no protection on the rafts except a low log rail; it would partly conceal eight men. *On one trip seven out of the eight were killed.* That wasn't all. It was raining somewhere up in the hills; the Jordan was rising fast!

It came up six feet while I watched it; it spread over its banks. Stumps hurtled down the swollen stream; logs raced by; then a tree trunk struck a raft which was about one third of the way across, and upended it!

The passengers were hurled into the roaring waters. The raft fouled the rope; something hung. We pulled, we hauled, but the raft was stuck. It wouldn't move an inch; our crossing was blocked.

EVERYBODY on our bank was paralyzed. The other bank was different; Hog Hampshire knew what to do. The Promised Land has seen many men "arise" and "go over this Jordan," but it never saw a crossing like Hampshire's.

He jumped to his feet the instant the raft jammed. He saw that the current was too strong for any man to swim directly across, so he raced upstream to get a lead. He stooped and cut his shoelaces with a knife; he stripped off his boots; he plunged into the milling water!

"Look't Hampshire!" howled Benson. "Look't the Hog, captain! Look't 'im go!"

I was already looking—and holding my breath. I knew he could swim, but I hadn't seen anything like this. He swam a perfect Australian crawl; he streaked for the raft with the speed of a torpedo—but bullets are faster than that!

The second he hit the water the Turks opened up. A dozen machine guns shifted from other targets and converged on him. The slugs flailed the water about him like hailstones. They were bound to hit him; they had to; men just don't live through fire like that!

"Come on, Hog!" bawled Benson, and the yell was contagious. I yelled; everybody on the bank yelled. We howled! We cried! We prayed, "Come on, Hog!" and on he came, arms, legs—and bullets—beating his wake to froth.

He was almost there! He might make it! We turned every gun we had on the Turkish positions to try and silence them and give Hog a chance. We knocked out some of them; not enough.

He reached the raft and climbed aboard. He reached for the rope—and he was a stationary target for just an instant. *So many bullets struck that heavy raft at one time that it actually jumped from the shock!*

Maybe that helped the Hog in what he did next. He grabbed the knotted rope and gave a mighty heave! Something slipped; the raft was free again. He hesitated only a split instant before he dived into the water again and swam to our shore—but—

In that minute fraction of time he faced the Turk gunners—and *disdainfully thumbed his nose!*

THAT, Lowell, was the gesture magnificent—or at least I thought so until Hampshire pulled himself out on our bank. Then he said, "And just because I'm swimming don't think I can't hear you. I'll smack the next bird that calls me 'Hog.'"

The new troops were

being whipped into shape. Allenby was about to spring his trap by the sea. We increased our gestures in the Jordan valley, we marched troops eastward in broad daylight. We wanted to be sure that the Turkish aviators would see them, so we kept our planes on the ground.

We marched the same troops back to the seacoast again—at night, when nobody could see them. Their empty tents stayed behind to fool the Turks.

They were fooled. Liman von Sanders, who now commanded the Turks from his headquarters in Nazareth, thought most of our army was camped by the Jordan. But pretending that the army was where it wasn't was only half the job. We had to keep it out of sight where it was, had to hide a division of infantry, three divisions of cavalry, and a lot of artillery.

There was no drilling. No troop movements were allowed in daylight. Soldiers and horses remained under orange trees until dark. We cooked with alcohol to avoid telltale smoke from kitchen fires.

But that wasn't enough. The Turks had spies.

I "quietly" leased a house in Jaffa for the winter. I told the landlord that it was a "deep secret," but that the army would not move until spring. Other officers did the same thing. The chief of staff made the proprietor of a hotel in Jerusalem give all his civilian guests notice to vacate; he said he needed more space for staff headquarters for an indefinite period.

All that reached Turkish ears, and they believed it. Von Sanders never did discover his mistake until the dawn of "the battle of that great day of God Almighty," at a place called—

Armageddon.

With that battle, in which Allenby trapped the Turks everywhere, and with the subsequent fall of Damascus and the news that Turkey had capitulated—to say nothing of the amazing fate that befell the Countess Warbuta!—Hell in the Holy Land will be concluded next week.



Photo from Lowell Thomas

The ford of the Auja River. The Highlander sits on one of the canvas-covered boats used in the surprise attack.

\$1,500

JUMBLED MOVIE STARS CASH-PRIZE CONTEST

YOUR CHANCE IS EXCELLENT!

THIS week Liberty publishes the second list of jumbled names of movie stars for solution in this contest. If you did not start last week, you still have ample time to enter, with an excellent chance of capturing one of the great list of cash prizes tabulated in Rule 5. It is a wise thing to start by reading the brief rules thoroughly. Then you will know exactly what is required. Begin by rearranging one of the jumbles so that it spells the name of a prominent motion-picture star just as it is used in theatrical billing. For example, WONJEBORE. When the letters are rearranged properly they spell JOE E. BROWN. Not hard, is it? Solve each of this week's jumbles the same way.

Now, in case you are just entering the contest and have not saved last week's Liberty containing Coupon No. 1, you will need a reprint in order to bring your entry even with the field. Request reprints from the contest address in Rule 7, and enclose five cents in stamps to cover cost of handling and mailing. Your request will be filled promptly, and when the reprint arrives you can solve the ten jumbles it contains and your entry will be up to date.

DO NOT send in separate coupons. Save them until your set of seven is complete and mail them at one time at the end of the contest. Individual coupons will not be considered.

THE RULES

1. Each week for seven weeks Liberty will publish a list of jumbled names each of which, when the letters are correctly rearranged in proper order, will form the name of a prominent screen star as it appears in official billing. First and last names will be included in each jumble, and where a middle initial regularly is used, that too will be included.
2. To compete, use the official contest coupon on this page, listing your solution of each jumble in the column provided therefor.
3. When you have solved all seven lists of jumbled names, write a brief statement of not more than 100 words telling which of the stars you have unjumbled in this contest has contributed the most to the screen and why, in your opinion.
4. The entry with the greatest number of names correctly unjumbled, and which is accompanied by the clearest, most convincing statement, will be adjudged the best.
5. In the order of their excellence on this basis, prizes will be awarded to the highest rating entries as follows: First Prize, \$500; Second Prize, \$250; Third Prize, \$100; Twenty Prizes, each \$10; Ninety Prizes, each \$5. In case of ties duplicate awards will be paid.
6. All lists must be submitted as a unit, at the same time, at the close of the contest. Lists sent separately will not count. No correspondence can be entered into concerning any entry. The judges are the contest board of Liberty, and by entering you agree to accept their decisions as final. Do not submit elaborate entries. Simplicity is best.
7. Send all entries by first-class mail to Jumbled Movie Stars Editor, Liberty Weekly, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.
8. All entries must be received on or before September 25, 1936, the closing date of this contest.

CLIP HERE

CONTEST COUPON NO. 2

JUMBLED MOVIE STARS

JUMBLE	SOLUTION
1. TOWNBMOR.....	
2. IPOLDUNAI.....	
3. YATRAMROS.....	
4. CLAYDDENY.....	
5. LANDNERROWA.....	
6. PLESHEYTIMLER.....	
7. GATYENRONJA.....	
8. ENDGELJARIU.....	
9. RATILOGTARSU.....	
10. YOLROTUAGENT.....	

CLIP HERE

WATCH FOR SET NO. 3 JUMBLED MOVIE STARS NEXT WEEK

WHY STREAMLINE

The Inside Story of What Lies Behind the Railroads'
Expensive and Colorful New Bid for Public Favor

READING TIME • 8 MINUTES 30 SECONDS

WE may as well be frank about it: the railroads have been holding out on us. They knew all about this streamline thing forty years ago.

Way back in 1896, Dr. Goss, who was to trains what Dr. Pupin was to telephones and Dr. Steinmetz was to kilowatts, told the rail boys all about wind tunnels and atmospheric resistance of trains. He even got one road to the point of experimenting, years before either Henry Ford or Orville Wright made their first awkward gestures toward speed.

Why didn't they give streamlining to us then?

We asked that question of the man who is chief question answerer these days for the embattled rails, able and enterprising J. J. Pelley, president of the Association of American Railroads; and this was what he said:

"Streamlining meant virtually nothing until speeds exceeded sixty miles an hour."

Very good, Mr. Pelley. But we have another question for you:

"Why did we need to wait forty years for the mile-a-minute train?"

There we have you, Mr. Pelley. You know we didn't need to wait. You know that about thirty years ago—on June 12, 1905, to be exact—an American railroad train, running on regular schedule between Chicago and New York, reached a record speed of 127.2 miles per hour.

All of which would seem to indicate that streamlining did not need to wait on speed, or speed on streamlining.

What is true of pace and design is true also of cleanliness and comfort. The man who invented air conditioning died in 1855.

All of which, the more we pondered it, made us pretty sore at Mr. Pelley—always using that amiable gentleman as the protagonist of railroaders in general—until we discovered that there was a very good reason why he and his associates had paid so little attention to us John W. Passengers.

We naturally think of railroads in terms of passenger travel. The railroads think of themselves in terms of freight. There are less than fifty thousand passenger cars on American tracks. There are nearly a million and a half freight cars. And—this is the point—revenue is in proportion.

So that is why we poor passengers were shunted over on a siding while the profit-making freight rushed by.

But when freight service followed passenger service into the unprofitable side of railroading, when three fifths of the roads' total mileage began operating in the red and one fourth actually fell into the hands of receivers, the American railroad man went to work, for the first time, to promote passenger travel as a possible source of profit.

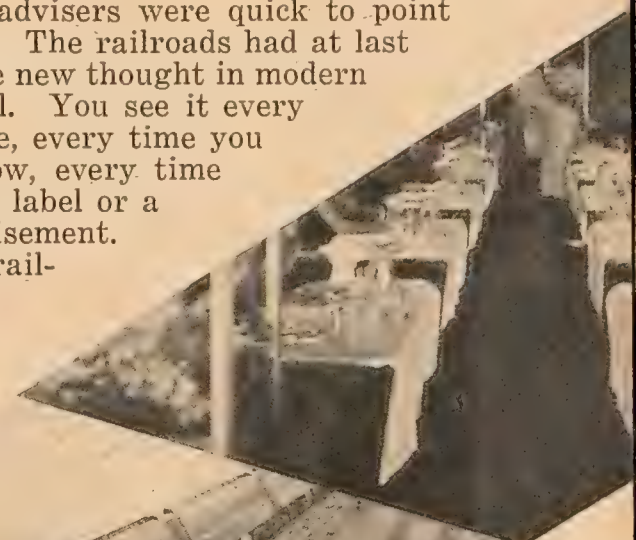
Naturally, the American railroader couldn't advertise successfully until he had something to advertise; but about six years ago air-conditioning gave him his first talking point. It was introduced primarily as an inducement to summer travel. Its value as an all-year answer to the new and cleaner method of travel which the airplane had developed came later. And with cleanliness came the most important development of all: style.

The old cars may have been, as the old-timers insisted, "all right," but the trick had been to get anybody to ride in them. It was no trick at all to get people to ride in these new cars. They made money from the very first day of their running.

Wise merchandising advisers were quick to point out what had happened. The railroads had at last gotten into step with the new thought in modern business—beauty appeal. You see it every time you go into a store, every time you look into a store window, every time your eye is caught by a label or a wrapper or an advertisement.

Now you saw it in a railroad car.

The next step was obvious. If beauty



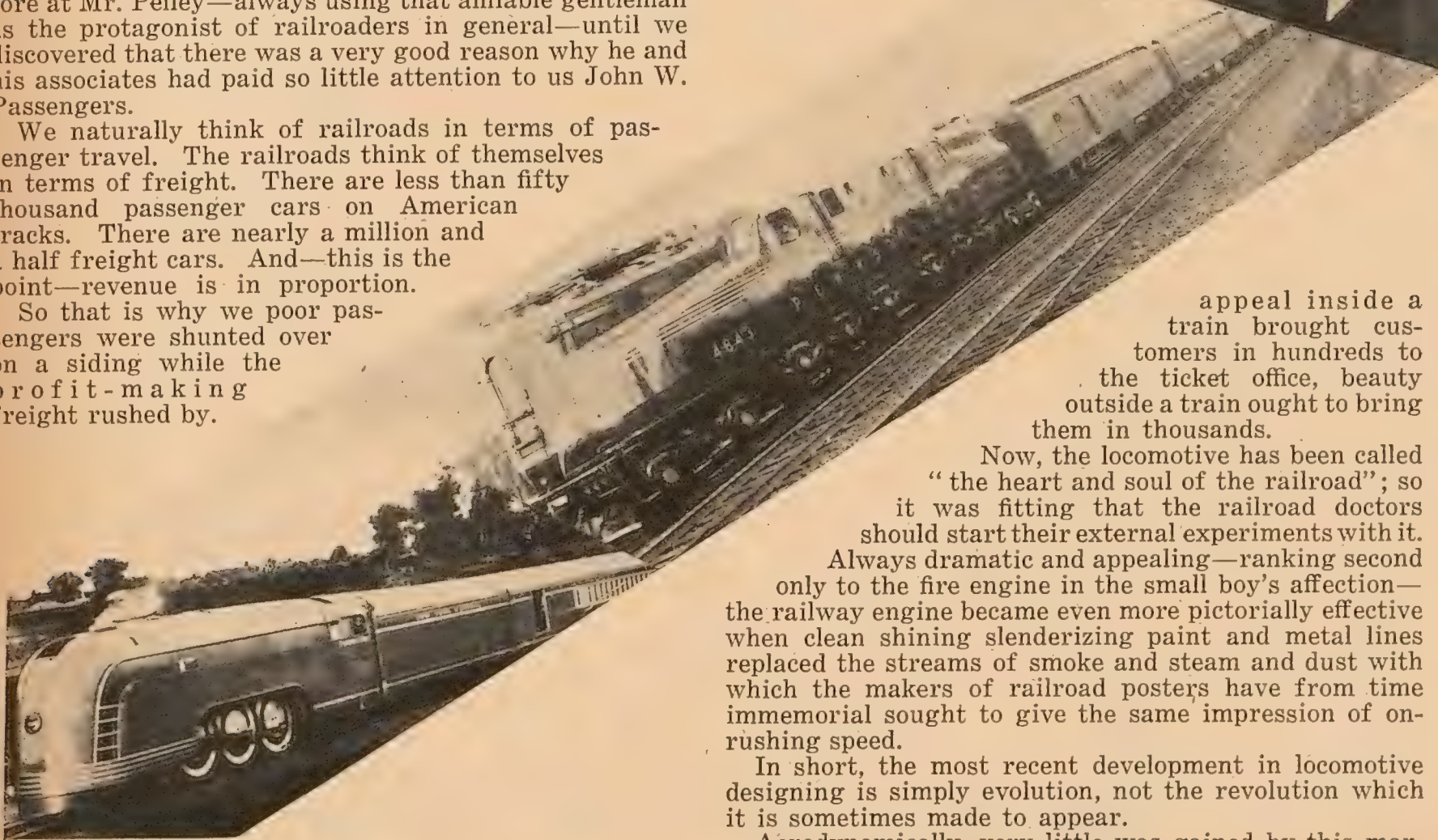
appeal inside a train brought customers in hundreds to the ticket office, beauty outside a train ought to bring them in thousands.

Now, the locomotive has been called "the heart and soul of the railroad"; so it was fitting that the railroad doctors should start their external experiments with it.

Always dramatic and appealing—ranking second only to the fire engine in the small boy's affection—the railway engine became even more pictorially effective when clean shining slenderizing paint and metal lines replaced the streams of smoke and steam and dust with which the makers of railroad posters have from time immemorial sought to give the same impression of on-rushing speed.

In short, the most recent development in locomotive designing is simply evolution, not the revolution which it is sometimes made to appear.

Aerodynamically, very little was gained by this mar-



TRAINS? *by* FREDERICK L. COLLINS

riage of aesthetics and engineering; but the popular appeal was instantaneous, and when the same principles were applied to whole trains the result was epochal.

Thousands thronged the railway stations to see these modern wonders leave and arrive. Other thousands lined the tracks to watch them thunder by. And, what is even more important, still other thousands mobbed the ticket offices to pay their money to ride in these new chariots.

For example, one of these trains hauled by a streamlined high-powered oil-burning steam loco-

motive went into operation May 29, 1935. November 4, one hundred and sixty days later, it carried its one hundred thousandth paying customer. During the two hottest months, July and August, this train carried more than thirty-five thousand passengers, and operated at a new net profit of \$127,296.

Novelty, you say. Well, the first of the new trains to go into actual service is now a year and a half old. Several others have compiled records of a year or more. Accurate records for the first one, Diesel drawn, show that during its first twelve months of operation it carried 50 per cent more passengers than the old-fashioned train it replaced at a maintenance cost of 40 per cent less. Less complete records for the one-year-olds show similar remarkable results.

In the three months following the installation of these new trains the combined revenues of American railroads rose 11 per cent. This increase wasn't much as compared with the decreases which these revenues had previously suffered, but it was enough to change a deficit of \$16,000,000 into a profit of \$13,000,000.

Of course a few money-making trains or a few prosperous months do not mean that the railroads of America are out of the financial woods.

It has cost \$25,000,000 to air-condition less than 6,000 cars. It cost \$18,000 to air-condition the first car; it costs from \$6,000 to \$8,000 to air-condition a car today. It costs \$25,000 or more to build a new passenger coach; much more to build a diner or a sleeper.

Locomotives are even more expensive. The modern steam locomotive of the better sort costs \$100,000. The new Diesels have come as high as \$300,000. And, due to the obsolescence incident to dwindling income—and in some instances to neglect—many thousands of these new engines must be obtained.

And we haven't come to the important question of speed!

The average passenger locomotive is capable of going as fast as the average passenger would care to go; but there is no guaranty that it will stay on the track.

Existing speed records, both the ones of thirty years

ago and the ones of the new streamlined era, have been made over selected stretches of track where the rails were heaviest, the ties soundest, and the route straightest. Making this speed nation-wide means a nation-wide abolition of sharp curves, unnecessary stops, and hampering local speed restrictions. In many parts of the country it means the substitution of new rails for old.

Then there is the problem of proper signals for the high-speed trains. This means a nation-wide replacement of elaborate and expensive signal equipment.

It can be done. It will be done. The railroads are in skilled hands.

Meanwhile, on certain runs, notably the long transcontinental ones out of Chicago, distances are already shrinking perceptibly. San Francisco, sixty hours away from Chicago in 1931, is only forty hours away in 1936; Fort Worth, thirty-six hours and thirty minutes away in 1930, is only twenty-six hours and thirty minutes away today.

Eastern reductions, because of the shorter schedules and more frequent stops, are possibly not so impressive, but they show the same speedward trend. When the Lindbergh Special, run from Washington to New York in 1927 to transport motion pictures of the Lindbergh flight, made the five-hour trip in a little over three hours, the world acclaimed the achievement. Today ordinary trains running on a regular schedule cover this distance in three hours and forty-five minutes.

Impressed by the psychological effect of these achievements, the railroads are pushing on to new speed accomplishments. The forty-eight-hour transcontinental trip is a matter of only a few years, perhaps of only a few months.

Even more sensational feats wait only on experiments now being made in every department.

We have spoken of the new rails that must be laid. It is quite possible that these new rails will be quite different from the old. Track trouble occurs usually at the point where one rail joins on to another. The first rail was only three feet long. As rolling-mill facilities improved, rails lengthened until now they run about sixty-six feet. The result has been a drastic reduction in the number of joints and a corresponding increase in safety and riding comfort.

The plan now is to eliminate joints altogether by welding these long sixty-six-foot rails together so as to make the track one continuous smooth and strong strip of metal. Such a feat would seem to be at direct variance with the laws of nature as to shrinkage and expanding of materials continuously exposed, as rails are, to the weather. But several stretches of the new track—one of them more than a mile in length—are holding up miraculously well.

We may soon be whirling along at a hundred miles an hour on two narrow strips of metal which stretch without let or hindrance from New York to San Francisco!

THE END

The GIRL Who Played With Fire

READING TIME • 7 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

○ VERTURE!" bawled Mike.

A cloud of powder went up in the dressing room as we all gave final slaps of puffs and rabbits' feet—for good luck. We needed it. It was the out-of-town opening in Syracuse of the Intimate Review. For all the shows I've trouped and whooped with, I'll admit that on opening night I still wish I could take my stomach out and park it on the dressing-room shelf until the show's over.

But I wasn't as bad as the kid next to me, the one the girls called Ritzy. Her name was Anne Sherwood. I never thought she was ritzy. Park Avenue, all right, which meant different—and how! And how it costs to be different in the chorus! The girls ran her ragged, but I'll say she could absorb it.

Only right now she had me worried—that blank frozen look.

"Did your costume come for the Country Garden number?" I asked.

"No, it hasn't, Miss Bronson."

I was that stunned I even forgot to be startled at the "Miss Bronson." First act called and she was the only one in the company who didn't have a costume for the last number!

"C'm'on, girls. On your toes!" Mike yelled.

"On your own, Legree. You murdered mine in that dress rehearsal," I yelled back, dragging Ritzy down the stairs with me.

I was headed for the stage when he called out, "Oh, Miss Sherwood, here's your costume for the last number."

He handed her a box a little larger than a stocking box. That meant just one thing—strip tights! Swell for a flying trapeze, but not so hot for long lingering inspection under the spotlights. No wonder the box didn't get there before—they weren't giving her a chance to object.

That show was just one stringy-cheese nightmare to me. I kept thinking about the Country Garden number. Four girls played the grass, with great big green plush trains that looked like some one was snatching the golf course. Ten more played mixed flowers—and I mean mixed. Four played out-of-season roses on a trick bush. One played the sundial, that back-fence Marge Anderson—stop a clock, all right, but not the show. One played the gate—me; wouldn't you know it! And one girl played the peach tree—that was Ritzy Sherwood. Then the singers, a boy and a "girl" (to hear her tell it), walked through and sang the hit love song—that is, when they could hit it.

The first half of the show had gone pretty fast, but the last half started to drop, and that's no place for a good little show to drop. Morrie Greenberg was around backstage tearing his hair—it was his money and his hair.

"Girls"—he was almost bawling, "you should do something."

Wait'll that peach tree gets on, I thought to myself. A stagehand was giving me the gate—the one I was to wear, I mean—no fooling, you had to be strapped into it—when I saw her come down the stairs in her brown silk tights. Shaded, they were, to look like the trunk of a tree, and they went from her toes right up to her throat and out to her wrists. The next thing to skin in more

ways than one. Gosh, if I was a man I'd of gone nuts in an awfully nice way.

And here's what stopped me—not a speck of self-consciousness in her face. Did I let out a tankful of air with relief! And the stagehand says, "That's just what I been waitin' for, sister," and snaps shut the gate.

Just as she stood there in the wings, her arms stretched wide to hold up the peach boughs, that darned sundial Marge gave a gasp and hissed, "Well! They never got me to go on in a piece of indecency like that, and I been a pony for five years!"

"You was a pony in the pony express," I hissed back.

"Shut up, you dames!" Mike whispered, if you could say a buzz saw whispered. "You're on next, peach tree."

With a wild look she stepped on the stage. Well, the silence was something clamorous. When she got through her little turn and bow, they began to clap. They clapped right through the sundial, who came next, and the gate, and stopped in the love song just long enough to hear they didn't want to hear it. When the curtain came down they began yelling for the peach tree.

But the kid had made a dive for the dressing room and wouldn't come down.

Next day I grabbed all the papers, and was she a sensation in the reviews!

THE show roared on through Buffalo, Toronto, Wilkes-Barre, Philadelphia, Atlantic City. The only one of us girls who made a dent in the papers was Ritzy. Any of the rest of us would have been tickled to death with the publicity, but she just seemed to draw more and more within herself. I couldn't figure out what she was in the chorus for. Not for the ride. So what? She didn't like it; but then, she didn't seem to mind it much.

That is, until we opened in New York. Then, just a few minutes before Ritzy had to go on I found her with her eye glued to the peephole in the tormentor where you can look out front.

"I can't go through with it, Babe," she whispered, and grabbed my hand.

"Sure you can, Toots. This is going to be your big night. I'll bet they nab you for the movies."

She got on, all right, poor kid, with those tights so tight you could see her heart thumping back to the tenth row. At any rate some one in the third row saw it thumping. Two of 'em—a nice-looking guy in soup and herring and an older dame that looked like the inspiration for the Great Stone Face. I nearly ripped the peephole wide open, so help me, when they got up right in the middle of Ritzy's little piece. Believe me, it was the first time anybody ever walked out on the peach tree.

I saw Ritzy gasp.

When the curtain came down, I winged her. "Got a party on tonight?" She shook her head.

"Listen, Toots. It's bad for the soul to go home alone after a New York opening. Come on out with that bunch of giraffes that're calling for me."

"No, thanks, Babe."

There was something about this town that was all wrong for her. And that Saturday night I stumbled plunk into it.

In her brown silk tights and peach boughs she was



In her silk tights she was standing talking to a guy that looked like a senator. He handed her some papers.

standing at the foot of the stairs talking to a guy that looked like a senator with his face lifted. He handed her some papers. She signed with the pen he offered, but she didn't return them until he gave her an envelope. She tore it open, saw it was a check. Boy, so did I!

As soon as he was gone I came down on the banisters. "Gee, Ritzy, that's great. How much?"

"Twenty-five thousand dollars."

"Whoopée! What for?"

"For being in the chorus."

"What?" I bleated. "D'y'mean to say those papers weren't a movie contract?"

A Stirring Backstage Drama of Hearts and Fame Across Broadway Footlights — The Story of a Stratagem for Love

by

HELEN GILMORE

ILLUSTRATION BY WILL GRAVEN

"No, Babe," she said, terrible quiet. "Those papers were an agreement for my divorce."

I got a flash of Mrs. Great Stone Face. "So she paid you off because no daughter-in-law of hers was going to be in the chorus."

"That's why I took the job," she said kind of grim. "She's been waiting for a good chance to pay me off. And I decided I could use the money as well as she could."

I looked at her good and hard. "You can't fool me, kid. There must of been something else behind that check."

She skipped about four beats, then said, "There was. I had to get a boy friend free."

"You've got a sweetie in the big house?"

She shook her head. "He wasn't in jail."

"Well, couldn't you shake hubby down?"

"N-no. Mama holds the purse strings—and all the other strings—almost." She sighed, then added softly, "You see, Babe, that boy friend is my husband."

"Huh! A boy friend that divorces you because mama says so. Dandy!" I fumed.

She caught back her lip to keep it from trembling. "I love him."

"Then why don't you keep him, you sap, and to hell with the old lady?"

"That's what I'm doing." She turned on me as fierce as if I'd been Mrs. Chisel-block herself. "She doesn't know it, but that check's going to be my wedding present." Her eyes got like a couple of Christmas stars. "Just as soon as the decree is final we're going to get married again."

Zowie! Could you have knocked me over with a ten-ton truck!

"And just as a matter of sentiment we're buying a peach orchard way off by ourselves. Will you come and see me, Babe?" she whispered and stepped onstage as the orchestra started her number.

"Well," yelled Mike in my ear, "how long are you going to keep the customers waiting?"

"Mike," I called back soft, "did y'ever see a peach orchard with orange blossoms?"

THE END



ILLUSTRATION

BY

SEWELL BOOTH

READING TIME

23 MINUTES 6 SECONDS



CARNIVAL LADY

PART SIX—CONCLUSION

THE lights of the big house, although they twinkled as warmly as ever through the trees, seemed alien and unreal to Shannon as Jet Carmichael helped her out of Kemp's roadster.

Through the French windows she could see that Lucy and Jay and Donalda sat about the living room as if they had just got home, for Donalda still had her hat rakishly on the back of her head. But Byrn was in his dressing gown. A little warmth crept about Shannon's heart at the realization that he must have come back from Carthia before the others.

Then, all at once, she was standing beside Jet Carmichael in the living-room doorway—Jet fearless and erect, a black-granite column of a man, herself flimsy and wan as a ghost. Everybody looked toward them in startled inquiry.



Byrn looked away, a lump in his throat, as the girl sped across the room into her father's arms.

"I'd like to talk to you men alone," Jet began. "If somebody will look after Shannon—she should be—"

"No!" Before her eyes the room was darkening, but she buried her nails in her palms and stood still.

Jay and Byrn had risen.

"What's wrong?" Byrn demanded.

Lucy said breathlessly, "It's Edgar! I know it is!"

Jet Carmichael nodded.

Suddenly Shannon gave way: "He's dead! It's all my fault—all—I—I—"

There was silence. Then Donald gave a smothered, dramatic little scream. With a soft oath, Byrn strode over and caught Shannon in his arms before she fell. He heard his mother's step on the upper landing. Jay snatched a brandy bottle from the cupboard and in a moment he was helping Byrn force a few drops of the liquor

BY MARTHA OSTENSÖ

A Girl's Darkest Hour . . . and Then the
Dawn . . . So the Curtain Falls on the
Story of a Strange Adventure in Love

between Shannon's teeth. White-faced, Mrs. Pryor came into the room.

"What is it?" she exclaimed. "What's the matter with Shannon?"

Byrn was seated on the couch now, holding the girl's inert body close in his arms. "She's had a shock," he said crisply.

Shannon's lashes fluttered. "Tommy—is he all right?"

Byrn laughed unsteadily. There had been another time something like this, and yet not like this at all.

Then he rose carefully. "Come on, mother. You'll have to look after her upstairs."

Mrs. Pryor, white but composed, followed him as he climbed the stairway with his limp burden. Jet Carmichael's shoulders sagged a little now as he watched them go. His eyes were haggard.

"Sit down!" Jay said hastily. Lucy was staring straight ahead of her with her fists clenched on her knees.

Jet sat down on the edge of a chair and plucked at his worn cap. Surprisingly enough, it was Donalda who suggested that he ought to have some brandy.

"No," Jet replied stolidly; "I better not. I haven't been drinkin' and I don't want the cops to think I was."

Just then Byrn returned. He smiled reassuringly at Jet Carmichael.

"Shannon will be all right," he said. "Mother's taking care of her." He sat down close to Jet. "Well—let's have it!" His voice was gentle.

Slowly, painstakingly, Jet gave his account of what had happened:

"I went to town tonight, right after supper, to see an old friend of mine. He had a concession in the midway—a little side show—sellin' patent medicine. I used to work with him. His name is Ned March. He's Shannon's father." He glanced about uneasily as the two women uttered gasps of amazement. "That's got to be told now, anyhow," he added dully. "Well, I came home early and went to bed. But I saw Shannon in town with Kemp and I was kind of worried. You see—I'm pretty fond of the kid. She's straight—and she ain't had much chance to be, either. So I laid awake thinkin' about her, and then—it must 'a' been about two o'clock—I heard the car drive in. My room is over the garage. I heard Shannon say, 'I hope the others get here right away, because I'm tired.' So I thought I'd just put on my old bathrobe, because I didn't like the idea of her being alone there with Kemp. Luke—the colored boy—wasn't comin' back till morning.

"When they went into the house, I went down and stood outside—just in case, you understand. I was there maybe ten minutes—and then I heard Shannon scream. I ran to the house and threw the door open. Kemp had hold of her." He paused and wiped his forehead. "He whirled around and saw me. He came at me and I clipped him one under the chin. Not too hard, either. But he couldn't take it. He just folded up and went down." Jet licked his lips. "And then I felt of him—and his heart was stopped. So I run to the bathroom and got some ammonia—and I massaged him over the heart, too. But there was nothin' to it. He was out! Then I took Shannon and came over here."

"YOU didn't call a doctor?" Byrn asked.

"I guess I should 'a' done that," Jet admitted in simple surprise. "But it all happened so fast—and, anyhow, a doctor can't do much for a man after he's—"

Byrn laid a friendly hand on Jet's shoulder. "You did only what any decent man would have done under the circumstances."

Byrn went into the hall. Even while he lifted the receiver to call Merriweather, the county attorney against whom he would run in the next election, his courage sank. The whole business looked nasty beyond words.

Merriweather's voice came to him in sleepy annoyance.

And then it sharpened. He would be right out—with the sheriff and the coroner. He would meet Byrn at Kemp's place in less than an hour. Merriweather was on his toes now, with a sort of ghoulish alacrity. Byrn felt sick as he turned back to the living room.

"Well," he said as brightly as he could, his eyes upon Jet Carmichael, "we've got to go through the formalities. I'll go over with you and meet Merriweather when he comes. They'll be out right away. You'll need a lawyer, of course. I don't suppose you have anybody else in mind, so perhaps I'd better go to work on it right away—"

"That suits me," said Jet.

"Let's go, then." Byrn turned to Jay. "You'd better stay here and look after the girls. You understand, of course"—he colored slightly—"Shannon must not be permitted to leave."

"I understand," Jay replied.

"Do you know how we can reach—Mr. March?" Byrn asked Jet. "He ought to be told about this."

Jet glanced at the clock. Ten minutes of three. "The van will be halfway to Little Falls by now," he said.

"We might catch him there—"

"If it's all the same," Jet interrupted, "I wouldn't do that. It won't do any good, far as I can see. We can get him later if we need him."



WHEN the door closed on Byrn and Jet, Lucy sprang to her feet.

"What did he mean, Jay?" she cried shrilly. "Why is Shannon not permitted to leave? What are they going to do with her?"

Jay took a firm grasp on her arms. "Darling, be quiet! Everything will be all right."

"All right!" Lucy laughed wildly. "Are you all so blind? Can't you see what has happened? This is all my doing. I got Shannon into this mess!" She threw back her head. Tears were streaming down her cheeks. "I got her to run around with Edgar—to stop the

talk! She did it for me. And it wasn't even necessary. I was tired of him—sick and tired!"

From the doorway Susan Pryor heard. She stepped to her son-in-law and touched him on the shoulder.

"Take Lucy to your rooms and keep her quiet," she said tartly. "I've given Shannon a sedative and she must sleep."

Jay's face was like putty, but he led Lucy out of the room.

Mrs. Pryor turned to Donalda. "You get to bed!"

Donalda got up and moved toward the door. "Good night, auntie dear."

"Stop calling me 'auntie dear'!" the old lady snapped. "I don't like it and I never did like it. And another thing—next time you try to blacken some one's character, think twice before you speak. I was a fool to listen to it, of course." She stood very erect, her black eyes flashing.

"I can't believe you're accusing me—"

"I am," Mrs. Pryor interrupted, then turned away wearily. "But I want no more said about it. Go to bed!"

"Tomorrow," Donalda announced, with an effect she hoped would be telling, "I am going to accept Harry Bostwick. I'll have a nervous breakdown if I stay in this house any longer."

"You have my blessing, my dear," Mrs. Pryor remarked—and felt suddenly younger than she had in years.

In their bedroom, Jay Braddock struggled to keep his own emotions in check and to quiet Lucy's tempestuous weeping. He forced her to lie down on one of the twin beds while he removed her shoes. Her feet were like ice.

"Oh!" she moaned. "You'll never forgive me—never!"

She turned her head and looked at him with a wide, stricken gaze. Helplessly Jay leaned forward on the bed and buried his head in his arms.

Instantly Lucy's arm was about his shoulders.

"Darling—my darling!" she murmured brokenly. "I was such a fool! How can you ever forgive me? But—oh, Jay, my dearest!"

He clung to her blindly, his shoulders heaving. . . .

Rain beat in a melancholy soft rhythm through the yellowing leaves of the old poplar just outside Shannon's window. The end of summer this was surely, but the end, too, of whatever frail hope she had still cherished so far as Byrn Pryor was concerned.

A car entered the driveway below. That would be Byrn, perhaps, returning with some word about Jet Carmichael. Hastily she got out of bed, took a shower, and dressed.

Her hair was still in damp ringlets about her neck when she came downstairs.

Byrn turned from the telephone and saw her standing in the library door. She swallowed hard as he smiled and put his hand out to her.

He helped her to a chair, then drew another close and took both her cold hands gently in his own. Shannon fought valiantly against tears.

"Is Jet all right?"

Byrn grinned. "I sat with him while he ate a hearty breakfast. He sent his love to you, by the way, and asked you not to worry."

"But he's in—in jail, isn't he?"

Byrn shrugged. "For a few days. But he's comfortable, and you see"—he pinched her chin and smiled—"he has confidence in his lawyer. Besides, he knows he was acting wholly within his rights as a citizen when he did what he had to do last night. See? If you just had a little faith—"

"Oh, I have, Byrn!" Shannon said hurriedly. "I know you'll do everything that can be done. But it's all my fault. If I—"

His scowl cut her short. "I won't listen to any more of that stuff. My sweet little sister spilled the whole story, mother tells me." He moved in irritation. "But that has nothing to do with us. Lucy and Jay will have to settle that between themselves. I want you to tell me now, as exactly as you can, just what happened after you left me last night."

Haltingly, carefully, Shannon did so.

Byrn listened, attentive, impersonal. "Do you remember the names of the other people in the party at Breezy Point?"

"There was a Mr. Boring—Clyde Boring, and his wife, Ruth. One girl, in blue velvet, was Vivian Something—I can't remember what. And one of the men was Jack Hill—I met him once before. The others—I forget."

"Did Kemp say who it was that telephoned him after he got back to the lodge?"

"Clyde Boring. He and Ruth were to have followed us immediately."

He glanced at her and saw that her hands were trembling. He bent above her in somber, intense appeal. "This family isn't worth one half the misery you've had because of them! And I'm including myself in that, Shannon. When this is over—"

She rose, swiftly apprehensive. "Don't! I—I think I'll go back to my room, if you don't mind."

He sighed and opened the door for her. . . .

Although it was only nine o'clock—and Monday morning, too—Senator Marston had been in Byrn Pryor's office for more than half an hour, pacing the floor before Byrn's desk.

The young man's equanimity irked Marston. He said, glaring, "Merriweather is going to ask the grand jury to indict this fellow for murder."

"Maybe, senator. But no jury is going to convict Jet Carmichael on the evidence."

"Byrn, you're a fool!" Marston blazed out. "Before Merriweather is through with this the whole Pryor family will be dragged into it. We might even have the interesting experience of the defendant's lawyer being put on the stand. In one day our friend Merriweather can wreck what we've been building up for months. The election will be lost to us in the courtroom."

"I don't need to tell you how grateful I am for all you have done for me, senator," Byrn said. "I shall never forget it. On the other hand, if I lose the election I can forgive myself—and go on. If I fail to defend Carmichael to the best of my ability, I can never forgive myself."

"What you mean is, you can't go back on this young secretary of your mother's. Isn't that it?"

"That's quite another question, senator—and has no bearing on the case itself."

"What you need, young fellow, is a good dose of old Judge Hauser," Marston retorted. "I'll get him up here tonight."

As the senator left the office Byrn's telephone rang. The girl in the outer office announced Clyde Boring.

"Send him in," Byrn said, "and get Miss Marston on the telephone right away."

Across the red-checked tablecloth in a little restaurant on a side street, Ella Marston faced Byrn with candid, unconfused eyes. Although they were virtually alone in the

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place this Monday afternoon, they spoke in discreet tones.

"You've got to steal the spotlight from Merriweather," Ella told Byrn.

"I'm not thinking much about the political angle," Byrn confessed. "I've got to get Carmichael out of the hole."

"Get him out! But let's be practical, my dear. Look—if you weren't defending him, Merriweather would think twice before he'd drag you and your family into it. He's too wise to discredit himself by any such tactics. What he doesn't see is that your defense is going to go over big. There's romance in it. Shannon March is a working-girl who was fighting for her virtue. There's a wallop in that, and don't you forget it. All you'll have to do is marry the girl when it's all over—and you'll have every woman in the county weeping on your shoulder."

"I like you better when you're serious," Byrn said.

His eyes grew troubled and dark above his deepened color.

"Aren't you sure of her yet?" she asked softly.

He shifted his shoulders with boyish chagrin.

"So far as I know, she may think I'm as poisonous as Kemp. I could have wept when she told me that old patent-medicine man was her father—just wept out of sheer maudlin sentimentality! But she'd never believe that. She doesn't trust me."

Ella gave a little jerk of a laugh. "You don't recognize the old defense mechanism, do you, even when you see it at work? She made me promise not to tell you about my talk with her on the beach Saturday night. Now—I think I can."

BRIEFLY she told him.

"And you try to tell me that girl isn't in love with you?" Ella added finally. "If you do—you're a nit-wit!"

He smiled, hitched his shoulders once more, and got out cigarettes. When they were both smoking, he said, "I've got an idea, Ella. I want your opinion on it."

"Let's hear it."

"I had Clyde Boring in to see me this morning. He had invited Kemp to a party at Breezy Point late Saturday night. Kemp took Shannon up there after they left town. Boring tells me now that, just before Kemp left the party, he asked Boring and his wife to drive down to the lodge. Boring says Kemp's invitation was a bit perfunctory. Anyhow, he declined. Then Kemp gave him a wink and asked him to telephone the lodge in half an hour. The idea being that Kemp wouldn't be able to persuade the little girl—that's the way Boring put it—to go with him to the lodge if there weren't other guests. So Boring—the rotter—agreed. Now here's my idea, Ella. I'm going to ask Judge Manson to persuade the grand jury to let Carmichael tell his story, waiving immunity."

Ella stared at him with rising excitement.

"I'm going to request that the

medical examiner, Shannon March, and Clyde Boring be brought before the jury. This is an open-and-shut case and there's no reason on earth why this county should be put to the expense of a trial. I've talked with the medical examiner, and he's convinced that Kemp died of heart failure. He'd been drinking heavily and had been warned by his doctor. Jet's blow wasn't hard enough to leave a mark, and it was struck in defense of a girl against whom a premeditated crime was about to be committed. I don't think any jury will indict for murder—and Merriweather can take a jump in the lake. What do you think?"

Ella's face was shining. "It's a risk, Byrn. They'll have no counsel—I don't know, frankly. If you won—why, it would mean—Byrn, it would be just slick!"

"Even if they indict Carmichael, we'll be just where we are now." He glanced without apology at his watch.

"Oh, my Lord!" Ella exclaimed, getting up. "I'd forgotten all about the time. I have a meeting at three."

NED MARCH'S old Ford clanked its way to the top of the hill overlooking Carthia. In his pocket was the clipping from a newspaper which Ruby had brought him late last night. He had been on the road ever since.

The clipping gave no information beyond the fact that the county attorney was going to ask a grand jury today to indict one Jethro Carmichael, a gardener, for the murder of his employer, a broker by the name of Edgar Kemp. Ned March had never failed a friend.

For the past hour Byrn Pryor had been taking what Senator Marston had spoken of as "a dose of Judge Hauser." They had gone over the case together.

"It's a gamble, of course," Hauser said finally, "but you stand to win more than you'll lose—and that's good poker." He looked at his watch. "We'd better get over to the courthouse."

"I'm waiting for Miss March," said Byrn. "I asked her to come to the office and go over with us."

Hauser's eyes rested upon Byrn for a moment. "Is this serious—what Ella Marston tells me about you and this March girl?"

Byrn twirled a pencil. "What has she told you?"

"Have you thrown Ella over for—"

"No one throws Ella over, judge," Byrn interrupted. "She and I are precisely on the same footing we have always been on. When she found out how things were with me—she threw me over."

"You know," the judge mused, "I liked that March girl."

The telephone rang and Byrn lifted the receiver. "Yes. . . . What? . . . Let him come in." He looked up at Judge Hauser. "Don't go for a minute."

Immediately the door opened. Judge Hauser stared, frankly en-

chanted, at the picturesque figure who stood doffing his battered wide-brimmed greenish-black hat in the doorway.

"Mr. Pryor, I believe? I am Edward March," he announced urbanely, and Byrn, rising quickly, shook hands.

"I've wanted to meet Shannon's father," Byrn said with a friendly smile, "for some time. I'm glad you came in. This is Judge Hauser, Mr. March."

"Thank you, sir, thank you!" He bowed and produced from his vest pocket three surprisingly good cigars, handed one to each of the other men, gave a whisk to the sable tails of his frock coat, and seated himself jauntily with one bony knee crossed over the other. "I understand, Mr. Pryor, that you are defending my friend Jethro Carmichael in this—this distressing *contretemps* that has overtaken him. The item I read in the newspaper gave very little information. I must have missed an earlier reporting. Tell me—how the devil did the lad forget himself to such an extent? It's not like him—not like him at all!"

THERE was nothing for it but to reveal the details of the case, which were evidently unknown to Ned March. Byrn did so as tactfully and sympathetically as he could. When he was through, tears stood brightly in Ned's blue eyes. He rose with a convulsive movement, went to the window, stood there for a moment, and then returned to his chair, his composure restored.

He said, "Has my daughter discharged her duties satisfactorily in the employ of your mother, Mr. Pryor?"

"Mother thinks she's nothing short of a miracle."

"Good! Very good," observed the amazing man. "I should have expected as much. My daughter comes of good stock, sir. I was the black sheep in the March family. I followed the theater in my younger days. Later the lure of the road—you gentlemen would not understand it. My father could not understand it. He was an Anglican minister. On my daughter's maternal side, landed gentry back in Ireland. Good solid citizens in this country. I've toyed with the idea of sending my girl to an aunt of hers in Cincinnati. By this time they may have forgiven me for running off with Shannon's mother." Ned was musing over his cigar as if he had no audience at all.

Judge Hauser's eyes were keen with something more than amusement, Byrn saw.

"Shannon will be here right away, Mr. March," Byrn said. "We're waiting for her."

While he was explaining his plans, the door opened and Shannon stood for an instant framed against the light of the outer office. Ned March rose. Byrn looked away, a lump in his throat, as the girl sped across the room into her father's arms.

"Judge Hauser and I are due at the



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courthouse," Byrn said in a matter-of-fact tone. "We'll see you over there in a few minutes, Shannon."

Together he and Judge Hauser went out.

When they had gone, Shannon sat down on the carpet at her father's feet and leaned her head wearily against his side, while he awkwardly stroked her hair.

"Oh, dad, I'm so glad you came!" she murmured, her eyes closed. "This has been—the worst yet. If their decision is in Jet's favor today, dad," she added, looking up at him with sudden vehemence, "I'm going away with you tonight. You can't leave me here alone—after this!"

"But—this young fellow tells me you are indispensable to his mother, and—"

"Indispensable!" She laughed bitterly, and through her mind passed the swift image of Donalda Sherwood, who was at this moment buying her trousseau down in the city, and of Jay and Lucy, who were planning to take a trip somewhere to begin their life over again together when the Carmichael case was closed. "No, dad; I want to get away and forget it all as soon as possible. You wait outside in the Ford, and as soon as I've spoken my piece you drive me out to Dawn Haven. Jay Braddock brought me in, but I'll explain to him. Then, if we get word out there this afternoon that they've decided not to indict, I can say good-bye to Mrs. Pryor and we can leave right away. I—I don't want to linger around—making it—"

"Harder to go, eh?" Ned asked, with a penetrating glance.

She shook her head angrily. "No, no; it isn't that! I *want* to leave as quick as possible. But Mrs. Pryor has been kind to me, and I want to have it all over with today, if I can."

"There's no divining the motives of women," sighed Ned skeptically as they went out of the office.

IT had been a grueling afternoon for Byrn Pryor. When it was all over and the jury had retired to deliberate, he had seen them all leave the courthouse and go their separate ways to await the decision.

And now he was alone. Judge Hauser had taken Shannon with him and driven out to Dawn Haven—somewhat to Byrn's and Jay Braddock's surprise. Ned March had followed them in his ramshackle Ford.

As the hours passed and Byrn's first hope for a speedy decision vanished, grave doubts assailed him. There must have been some disagreement.

A telephone jangled in the sheriff's office, and a moment later Byrn heard his name called. It was Judge Hauser, speaking from Dawn Haven: "No word yet?"

"Not yet," Byrn told him.

"Well, listen, my boy. Don't ask questions—but you'd better get out here right away."

"What's the trouble?" Byrn interrupted.

"None—if you come out here at once," said the judge

cryptically. "I'll explain everything when you get here."

It took only a moment for Byrn to arrange with Ella, over the telephone, to relay the jury's decision to him immediately. Then he was on the highway, racing westward out of town.

When he brought his car into the driveway and halted it in front of the porch, Judge Hauser came down the steps to meet him.

"I've had a talk with this willful young person by the name of Shannon," he said in a low voice. "She has her bags packed and is ready to leave as soon as—"

"But she can't leave!" Byrn exclaimed angrily. "She knows that. We'll need her evidence if we have to go to trial. Where is she?"

"I heard her say something about going up to the corral," Hauser informed him innocently.

HE found her at the corral gate, her arms stretched up about the glossy neck of Custer, who was receiving her murmured farewells with soft dusk-bright eyes.

"Shannon!" Byrn's voice sounded harsh with strain. She swung about.

"I didn't mean to frighten you," he said hastily. "I'm sorry." He came close, leaned one arm on the high fence, and looked down at her with fierce earnestness. "What's this I hear about your packing up to leave?"

She ignored his question. "Have they indicted Jet?"

He made his voice casually even. "Not yet—but," he went on savagely, "what has that to do with it? What has anything to do with your planning to run off?" He seized her wrist none too gently and drew her toward him. "You're running away from me, aren't you?"

Shannon flushed hotly.

"I'm going back where I belong—where I can be of some help to some one—"

"Shannon! I've been a plain damned fool! But I love you—I've loved you ever since that rainy night—"

"Byrn!"

In the deep twilight her eyes glistened with tears. He swept her hungrily up to him.

"You mustn't leave me, darling—ever!" Byrn said unsteadily. "From now on—"

Her arms drew suddenly about his neck. "Oh, Byrn, Byrn—I love you so!"

Her lips quivered as they came to his. . . .

Judge Hauser left the telephone and stepped out upon the porch. He peered through the dusk at the two figures coming together down the slope from the corral.

"Ella just phoned," he called out as Byrn and Shannon came to the driveway. "Congratulations, my boy! The jury returned no indictment. Ella's on her way out here with Carmichael."

Byrn bent and kissed Shannon—and the judge whistled cheerfully, pretending surprise.

THE END.

GOOD BOOKS—BY OLIVER SWIFT

★ ★ ★ ★ **WATERLOO** by Manuel Komroff. Coward-McCann, Inc.

Gorgeous writing, gorgeous story, gorgeous historical background. A truly outstanding and thoroughly enjoyable novel.

★ ★ **THE PILOT'S BOOK OF EVEREST** by the Marquess of Douglas and Clydesdale and Lieutenant D. F. McIntyre, with a preface by Lord Tweedsmuir, Governor General of Canada. Doubleday, Doran & Co.

Thrilling story of the conquest of Everest by air, told by the men who piloted the first planes across the roof of the world.

★ ★ **THE CORPSE THAT SPOKE** by Robert H. Leiffred. Green Circle Books.

A swiftly moving yarn of murder, political corruption, and private detection in a big city. Novel, in that the ethics of the chief detective are no better than they should be.

★ ★ **LAST OF THE FIVE-MASTERS** by Charles Merriam. Claude Kendall, Inc.

The splendid, salty, truly American story of an "amateur" sailor aboard the last of the old-fashioned five-mast schooners. Thoroughly worth while.

★ ★ **PAMPA JOE** by C. E. Scoggins. D. Appleton-Century Company.

If you like stirring, thrilling, rousing South American "pulp" fiction, here is your meat. A Texan hero; a New York villain; a South American millionaire; a very, very pretty girl; a mortgage which is due; a knife fight; a gun battle. What more do you want?

★ ★ **SUMMER WILL SHOW** by Sylvia Townsend Warner. The Viking Press.

A strange book—drab at first, then suddenly exotic. Annoying, interesting, well written.

★ ★ **CHARLES COULSON RICH** by John Henry Evans. The Macmillan Company.

One finds little personal interest in Charles Coulson Rich, though the book has its merits in its historical material of the early struggles of the Mormon Church.

★ ½ **GREENER PASTURES** by Howard Wolf. The Caxton Printers, Ltd.

Written in play form as a satire of Green Pastures, this is a savage burlesque of the New Deal.

TO THE

Ladies!

by PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

LINGUIST, TRAVELER, LECTURER, AND AUTHORITY ON FASHION

READING TIME • 4 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

TO keep himself humble, George Gershwin frowns at himself in mirrors and growls, "Who are you? You look just the same to me as you did when you were nobody." . . . So immune from vanity is Katharine Cornell that she can play golf all day long without once stopping to powder her nose. . . . Bernarr Macfadden figures among the very few men who have made important money without becoming money-minded. . . . Paul Whiteman raves about his wife, says he never could save a nickel until he met her. . . . Strangler Lewis, ex-champ of the wrestling ring, is one of our best bridge players and a polished cosmopolitan. . . .



KATHRYN CRAVENS

These interesting side lights come to you from Kathryn Cravens, radio commentator, who interviews celebrities and broadcasts news of special interest to women over a wide network from Station KMOX at St. Louis. Recently she flew all the way to New York to interview me. Bragging? Of course I am. When I get such a boost I believe in telling the world. Moreover, she said she expected to find me fat, old, dignified, with a foreign accent and no sense of humor. "But you're not a bit like that," she told me. (Now I'm bragging again!)

Kathryn Cravens has been on the air for three years; was on the stage before that. Her radio talks are immensely popular, her mail enormous. News Through a Woman's Eyes is the title of her program. Born in Texas, daughter of a country doctor, she played hard-riding cowgirl parts in Western films at the outset of her career. She's blonde, blue-eyed, married. Was our first radio-news lady.

● A girl jilted the young man with whom she had been going around for several years. Told him honestly that she had fallen in love with some one else. He took the sad news like a hero, went to her wedding when she married the other man, and all three have remained good friends to this day. But during the three years since her marriage the jilted suitor has asked her to pass judgment on every new girl in whom he becomes interested.

To his old flame he says each time: "Do you think that I ought to marry this one? You know me so well—know my habits, my likes and dislikes—that I won't marry any girl unless you say she's the right one for me."

So far the old flame hasn't entirely approved any of his prospective brides. She takes her responsibility toward him *very* seriously. Says she owes it to him to see that he gets the best wife *she* can pick. What do you think of this extraordinary arrangement?

● Pleasantly revived this summer is the too long neglected custom of handing out individual fans to guests at parties on hot evenings. Pretty little fans from Mexico or China are not difficult to find and are inexpensive.

● Best amateur dancers in the married-woman class are the wives of professors teaching at small or medium-sized colleges. Most of the younger and more attractive college wives can step just as expertly as any dime-a-dance girl in a city spiel palace. Professors' wives get this way because it is part of their duty to dance at faculty shindigs with any and all of the college boys who ask them. The boys *think* they dance well, if not better than that; but the professors' wives tell me those boys are simply awful. "If you can dance with them," said one college wife, "you can dance with *anything*."

● Hundreds of storks migrate every year through the Balkans. A friend of mine has been living in Yugoslavia. She brings me this true story about the storks and the ladies of Belgrade:

Kindness to wild birds and animals, it seems, is now a fashionable charity there. So when one of the storks broke its leg in Belgrade, the ladies had it doctored, then hired an airplane to help it catch up with its feathered family and friends. The pilot followed the stork migration from Belgrade to Athens, where another plane was chartered to continue the chase. Somewhere near Constantinople the second plane overtook the flight of the migrating storks. Not until then was the convalescent passenger stork abandoned to its own resources. It sailed away, flapping gratefully.

● This old recipe for Devonshire eggs brings back a bygone use of *mint*—which almost nobody thinks of employing nowadays except as an herb to go with lamb or to put in juleps:

Simmer $\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoon chopped fresh mint for 15 minutes in small pan with $\frac{1}{2}$ cup water, $\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoon chopped onion, and 1 tablespoon chopped parsley. Rub together 1 tablespoon butter and 1 tablespoon flour, stir into pan with herbs, adding salt, pepper, and 1 tablespoon lemon juice. Add a little water if sauce becomes too thick. Now boil 4 very fresh eggs. Boil them 4 minutes, cool them in cool water, and remove shells (carefully, or they'll break and spoil the party!). Lay the eggs in shallow fireproof dish, pour the sauce over them, sprinkle with bread crumbs and a little grated cheese. Heat well in oven, serve good and hot with whole-wheat rolls and sweet butter.



Vox Pop

The "How Long Would Father Have to Wait" Puzzle

BATON ROUGE, LA.—I think that the problem submitted by Billy Lee Davidson in June 20 Vox Pop is a cinch.

He has the father say: "Your mother's present age plus my own present age add up to ninety-eight years. I am twice as old as your mother was when I was as old as your mother is now." And adds: "How long would the father need wait if his pension began at sixty?"

The father is fifty-six and the mother is forty-two. Therefore the old gent would have to wait four years if his pension began at sixty.

I think a problem section would be a good feature.—*Edmund J. Perret.*

ITHACA, N. Y.—I found that father had to wait four years for his pension. I deduced thus:

Let F = father's age

M = mother's age

$F + M = 98$ combined ages

$F = 2(2M - F)$ second equation

By algebra we find that $F = 56$ years old. Subtracting that from 60 years, we have our answer.—*Eugene S. Koshken.*

SAN ANTONIO, TEX.—It's a grand idea to have a puzzle corner for Vox Poppers, and along with my solution—i. e., father would have to wait four years—allow me to submit this version for B. L. D.:

Suppose the father answered this way:

"Your mother's present age plus my own present age add up to ninety-eight years. I was twice as old as your mother was when I was as old as your mother is now." How long would the

father need wait if his pension began at sixty?

Answer: One year, two months, twelve days.

If I am wrong, stop me.—*Budd Hennegan.*

NORMAN, OKLA.—No puzzle at all is Billy Lee Davidson's little problem. To eliminate necessity of pencil and paper (if one is lazy and does not care to mentally solve equations) merely use difference of father and mother's ages as time units. Then, father is now four time units old, since he is two units older than mother's previous age, which was half his present age, or quite obviously two units. But mother is now one less unit old than dad, and is three units old. But dad and mother together are ninety-eight years old, which represents seven units. Then the unit equals fourteen years, mother is forty-two, dad is fifty-six, and must wait four more years.

A neat problem is this one:

There are two boys who mow a football field together in a certain number of days. If each had mowed exactly half, one would have worked one day less and the other would have worked two days longer. How long does it take them to mow the field together?

Only the simpler folk will need pencil and paper for this, but the smarter ones will find paper and pencil far more difficult than plain horse sense. Try both ways.—*Eugene Janz.*

[Our readers seem to like brain teasers. Hundreds of answers were received, together with new problems. Forty-two states, Canada, Mexico, and Cuba sent in solutions to Mr. Davidson's puzzle, with California and New York in the lead.—Vox Pop Editor.]

WHO WROTE DARK MASQUERADE?

PECOS, TEX.—I have just finished reading the last installment of Dark Masquerade in Liberty and can think of no one but our old lawyer-writer friend Earl Stanley Gardner as author of this thrilling story.—*R. V. Nabers.*

[Other writers suggested as the author were Viña Delmar, Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., James M. Cain—and Jack Dempsey! Any more guesses?—Vox Pop Editor.]

MR. WYLIE'S RENTED CARS

KANSAS CITY, MO.—Referring to Philip Wylie's Death on the 8.06: It seems that the hero took the heroine for a ride in a rented car. She says, "He drove me in a rented car. I saw the label of the company but I didn't let him know it."

Auto-rental concerns do not have any labels or other identification on their cars visible to passengers. Some companies do stamp serial numbers in inconspicuous places, but they never give an inkling as to the ownership.

I know because I have worked for these "rent 'em and wreck 'em" concerns for years.—*Merritt Crume.*

FLAWS IN PERFECT GEMS

NEW ORLEANS, LA.—I feel so grateful to Vox Pop for the excellent education afforded me in human nature through its pages, I cannot resist writing you and expressing my thanks.

The thought has occurred to me, if the perfect gem of literature of all times were published in Vox Pop, at least five million Vox Poppers would detect flaws.—*Jos. H. Bonicard.*

MAX SCHMELING CALLED HIS SHOT IN LIBERTY

CHICAGO, ILL.—I read the article by Max Schmeling on How I Shall Beat Joe Louis Where All Others Failed in June 13 Liberty, and again on the evening after the fight on June 19.

The article is one of the most analytical and accurate pieces of writing I have ever read.

All of the newspapermen who ballyhooed Louis will now fill reams on the fact it was an "upset." It was not an upset, but the fact that Schmeling was smart enough to obviate Louis's counter-punching, avoid Louis's blows, and crack Louis's jaw with his right in turn.—*A. V. Merlo.*

[This is what two of the sports writers said in their columns after the event:

In a well known national magazine article, Schmeling predicted both the punch and plan of attack which would flatten Louis. He said he would carry the fight in close and that he would land first on the exchanges. "A good right hand will beat him," wrote the Prophet Max.

How clear, how true, and how ridiculously simple it all seems now. "He has fought two types of boxers," continued Max, "brave ones and timid ones. And he has been lucky. The brave could not punch hard. The timid could, but would not."—*Jimmy Powers in New York Sunday News.*

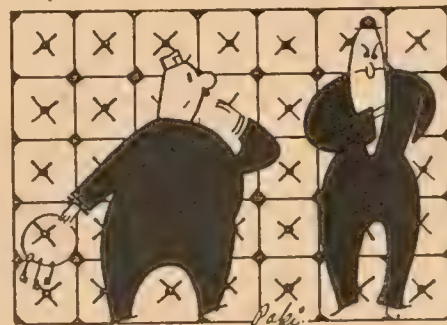
I wondered where I had heard the story of the Louis-Schmeling battle at least two weeks before they entered the ring. No dream, it was, I was certain of that. The script had been much too vivid. 'Twas as if a prophet had spilled into my ear what would happen, even as it did happen. Vainly I searched for my soothsayer, his identity fogged by the sheer sensationalism of his revelations.

And then—eureka! I knew the prophet. It was—Max Schmeling himself. Max Schmeling had called his shot for me and every other reader of a popular five-cent magazine on June 3, in an article entitled How I Will Beat Joe Louis.

No wonder the story of Schmeling's knockout of Joe Louis had a familiar ring as I bent an ear to the radio that night.—*Shirley Povich in Washington Post.*]

A COCKEYED KICK FOR TED

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—Ted Shane ought to be in the cockeyed nut house with Zioncheck. His crossword puzzles are as puzzling as Mr. Macfadden's editorials in Liberty. Shane is wasting valuable space in Liberty, and he ought to be kicked in the soft spot by Mrs. Astor's cousin to her pet horse.—*Puzzled Reader.*



"YOU'RE SWEET" MEANS WHAT?

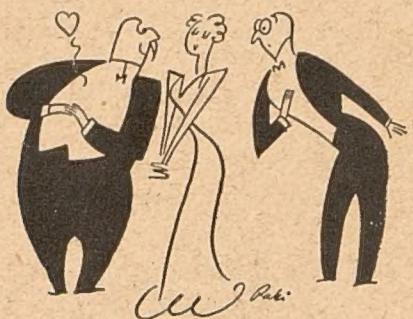
OKLAHOMA CITY, OKLA.—Couldn't we take just a little corner of Vox Pop for a personal discussion?

This is what is giving me a headache trying to figure it out: the magazine and newspaper writers all seem to agree that a girl must be beautiful and talented, etc., in order to be popular with the opposite sex.

Now, I'm not beautiful or talented—in fact I'm not much of anything—but I never lack for dates and my unanimous

compliment happens to be, "You're sweet."

I'd like to know what compliments other girls receive most often—maybe we can put them together and figure out the real answer to this age-old question.—*Linda Ann Mase.*



SWEDES WITH PITCHFORKS

PROVIDENCE, R. I.—In Harvard Macfadden-for-President Club's comment on Mr. Macfadden's War! War! (June 27 Vox Pop) there were a few snappy phrases which mentioned Swedes as a menace to the country.

I'm not from Minnesota, but I'm a Swede just the same; and even if the cracks about us may have been made only in fun with no harm meant, I resent them. Regardless of what you may hear, every Swede in this country is a loyal citizen, ready to defend the country and not fight against it. A Swede armed with a pitchfork is as formidable as three ordinary men with a machine gun.—"Swede" Hammarlund.

"THE FIRST COLUMN I READ"

DOLORES, ABRA, PHILIPPINES — Why don't you compile all your gleanings of It Happened In in book form and sell it? That beats 'em all. It's the first column I read before I go to your short short stories and the rest.

Major Bowes's department is a howl and has started us howling here, too.

I thought Without Warning (April 11—June 13 Liberty) was silly and sophomoric, but not altogether dry. What about us in the Philippines, should the Japs start "laying her eggs" over Pearl Harbor and Golden Gate?—*C. B. Rigor.*

BULLETS OR BALLOTS BONER

DALLAS, TEX.—Here's another movie boner. In M-G-M's Bullets or Ballots, Fenner, a killer, killed three men. He killed two men with an automatic and one with a small police pistol. Robinson (Edward G.) was the third, and before he died he told police to check the bullets in his body with the bullets in the other two men's bodies, and they would be the same and prove Fenner guilty. This couldn't happen.—*L. O. A.*

[May we whisper that in pointing out a boner one should be careful not to make one? As, for instance, Mr. L. O. A. gives M-G-M the credit for a Warner Brothers picture!—Vox Pop Editor.]

THE NEW DEAL 1500 B. C.

DETROIT, MICH.—*Re* Bernarr Macfadden on the New Deal:

So far as is known, the first "new deal" enactment was written 3,500 years ago and read: "Thou shalt not muzzle the ox when he treadeth out the corn." But in that pre-horse-and-buggy period they thought that the human laborer was intelligent enough to take care of himself and did not need to be looked after like the ox. He only needed law enough to assure his right to use of the earth, and so for his benefit it was merely decreed that "the land shall not be sold for ever."

This was sufficient for the laborer's protection until, like the ox, he let himself be deprived of his right to the earth, and like the "brother to the ox," as Edwin Markham called him, bellowed for labor laws fitted for the ox, never hinting that the earth be restored to him.

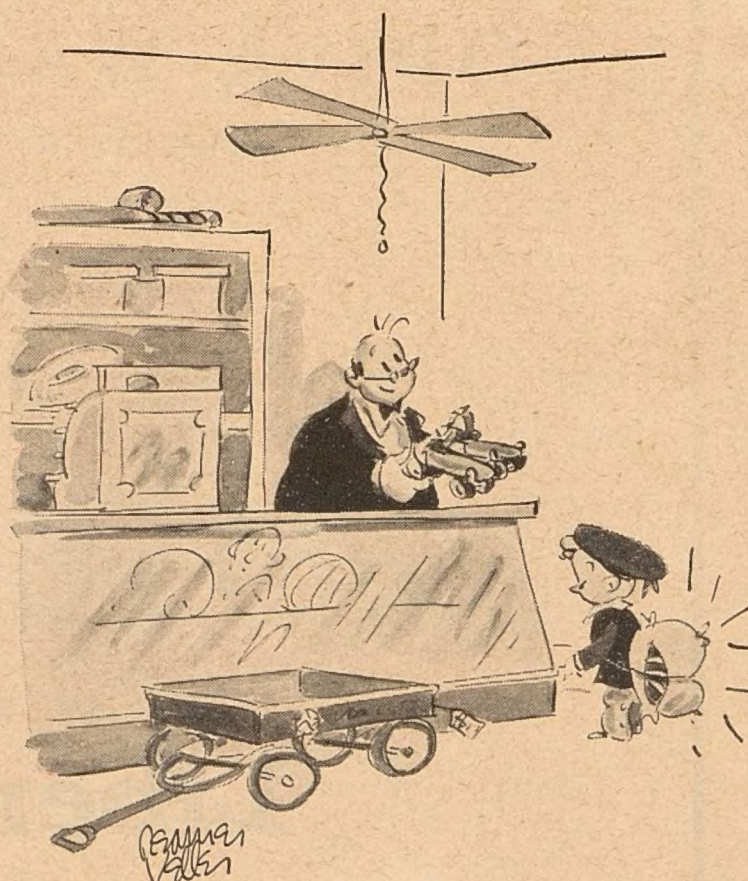
So President Roosevelt has given him in the New Deal the futile stupid things he has been bawling for, and withheld beneficial enactments that he has lacked the sense to demand. The worker thus remains deprived of the right to use of the earth.—*Samuel Danziger.*

PRICE, UTAH—Mr. E. F. Patterson of Jacksonville, Illinois, says in May 30 Vox Pop that Mr. Macfadden's editorials alone are "worth the price of the publication." Conservatively speaking, I'd say that Mr Patterson is quite right.—*James Weller.*

SUNDAY, MONDAY TUESDAY—LIBERTY

FORT WAYNE, IND.—Like millions of others, I look forward each week to reading Liberty. Why, on Wednesdays I think, "This is Liberty day!"

Stories by George Bruce, E. W. Chess, and Edward Shenton make Liberty a "special" treat.—*Gertrude Culp.*



"Are you sure these skates haven't been used?"

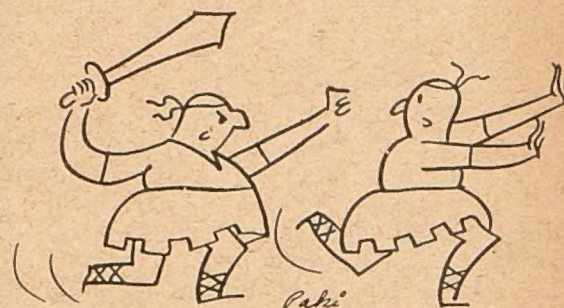
GUNS COMPARED TO SWORDS

CARMEL-BY-THE-SEA, CALIF.—In regard to the preference of swords to guns (June 13 Vox Pop), I think it is inbred in the bones and cannot be shot out of the flesh.

The sword is traditional. It was the first weapon of defense for man, with the exception of the cave man's club, the crude beginning of the sword.

Even Mother Nature supplies her vegetation, birds, and animals with their various swords—the rose and cactus, etc., with thorns; the elephant, etc., with tusks; the snakes with fangs; birds with sharp beaks and claws—all for their own protection.

Guns have been in use a comparatively few years. Again, why shouldn't we be curious as to what our ancestors in the old country used for self-defense? Very few had guns. Only the militia.



Even today it is against the law in most communities to carry a gun, but a razor or knife—oh, well, that's different.—*N. W.*

PLAYS IT ON HIS B-FLAT TRUMPET

WILMINGTON, N. C.—In June 27 Vox Pop one Howard Chaille of Indianapolis, Indiana, said: "A fine popular song, Lullaby of Broadway, written by two American song writers, has now been imitated and is being played over the radio under the name of Hungarian Dance No. 5. It was written by an alien song writer—probably a Red Russian—named Brahms."

That is a scream! Hungarian Dance No. 5 was written years ago. Brahms (his full name is Johannes Brahms) lived long before any such tomfoolery as Communism had ever been dreamed of. There is no resemblance between the melody of Hungarian Dance No. 5 and that of Lullaby of Broadway. I know, because I play Hungarian Dance No. 5 on my B-flat trumpet. Lullaby of Broadway couldn't hold water compared to H. D. No. 5.—*Leroy C. Robertson III.*

BUT RAZZING IS FUN!

MELBOURNE, FLA. — I think Liberty's a grand magazine. I turn to Vox Pop and the short stories first.

I don't see why people who razz your magazine buy it.—*Caroline Ashley.*

IT HAPPENED IN...

CHICAGO, ILL.—Edward Skoro ran for a streetcar and landed in a heap of splintered plate glass and warm doughnuts. He had tried to board the car's reflection in a doughnut-shop window.

WASHINGTON, D. C.—William Houghton, a Secret Service agent, has reported that the newest counterfeit ten-dollar bills can be detected at a glance. In the picture of Hamilton on them the counterfeiter made the former Secretary of the Treasury cross-eyed.

DYERSBURG, TENN.—A. F. Carroll took no chances with the regular Friday "bank night" at the Frances Theater here. He took out an insurance account with Lloyd's of Dyersburg. His name was called for him to receive \$325. He wasn't there, but the insurance company paid.

LOUISVILLE, KY.—The Attorney General of Kentucky was swamped with thousands of applications for the state's new post of nudist colony inspector.

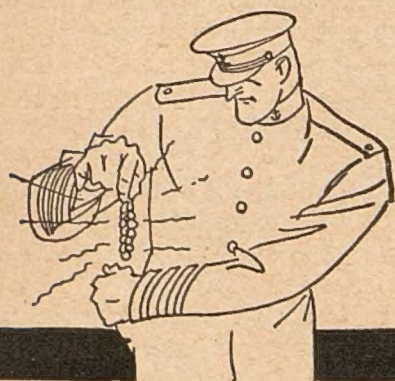
CHICAGO, ILL.—Gustav Larson, injured in an automobile accident, awoke in a hospital and yelled for his wooden leg. A nurse brought it. Larson opened it and extracted an undamaged bottle of whisky.

DORCHESTER, MASS.—Exactly at 4.30 every morning a screaming fire siren awakened the whole neighborhood. Police discovered that a workman was using the siren for an alarm clock. He was deaf.

OGDEN, UTAH—George Shaw, charged with running by a stop sign, explained: "There were two ladies with me, which made the front seat crowded. I was too modest to reach over and shift gears."

"Two days—suspended," said the judge.

SEATTLE, WASH.—Commander A. E. Lee, medical officer of the navy recruiting station, wanted to teach his wife a lesson about being careless with jewelry. Without telling her, he took her jewels from a mantel and pocketed them. Next day he asked police to look for \$2,000 worth of gems. He had lost them.



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The names and the descriptions of all characters in the fiction stories appearing in Liberty are wholly fictitious. If there is any resemblance, in name or in description, to any living person, it is purely accidental—a coincidence.

COVER CREATED BY GEORGE LARKIN-MACFADDEN STUDIO

NEXT WEEK IN LIBERTY

GODIVA WAS A LADY

By Lawrence Saunders

Here's a hilarious new novel by the author of *Snowed Under*, the story that Liberty sent to the movies. Godiva was a lady—and a fan dancer. And Stephen Joel Frost, Ph. D., was pretty much a human being despite his premature beard, his academic demeanor, and his standing with the faculty. Besides, he was interested in the Drama—with the broadest of *a's*. Which may not explain why—of all places—he was in the Golden Arrow roadhouse. Or why, when the state police raided the modern Godiva's act, he butted in. You'll enjoy finding out why for yourself as you chuckle through the opening episodes of this mirth provoker in Liberty next week. If you enjoyed *Snowed Under*, you'll love *Godiva Was a Lady*.

ALSO—HOUSE OF LIVING HELL; at last an inside picture of Alcatraz—HOLLYWOOD'S NEW PURITY TAPE MEASURE; what will be done about the Pope's censorship plans—and stories and articles by WILL IRWIN, ANN MORSE, HELEN WILLS MOODY, C. LLOYD FISHER, MARIAN COCKRELL, MARGARET WIDEMER, LOWELL THOMAS AND KENNETH BROWN COLLINGS, and others.

NEXT WEEK IN
Liberty

ON SALE WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 5



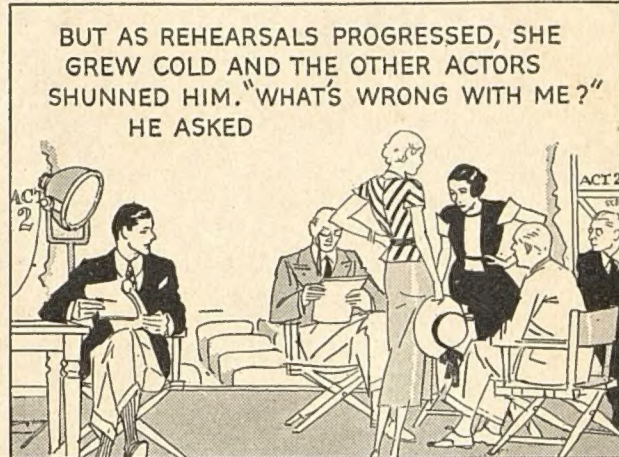
HE HAD EVERYTHING -

INCLUDING SOMETHING *not so pleasant!*

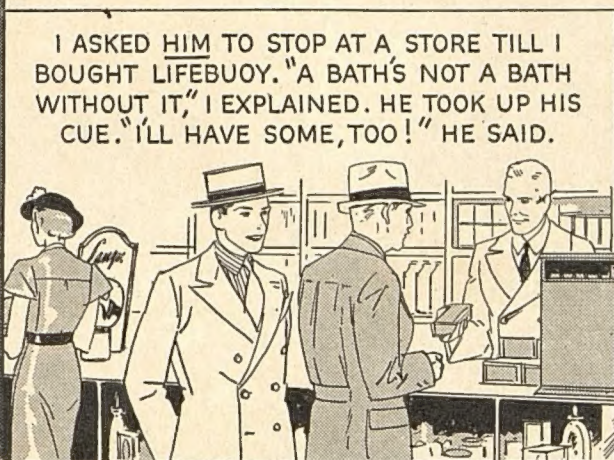
The true "B.O." experience* of a talented young actor—who almost missed his cue



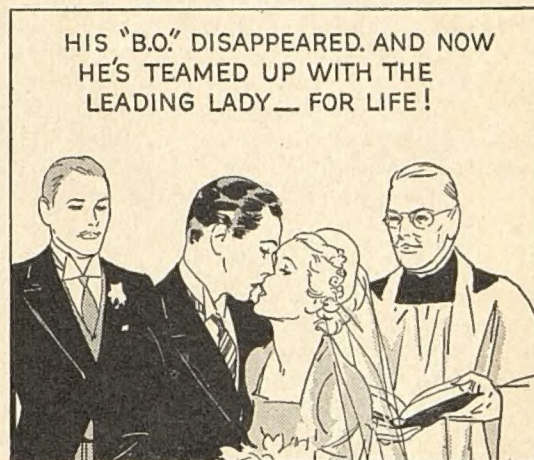
THE DIRECTOR OF THE SUMMER THEATRE HAILED HIM AS THE FIND OF THE SEASON (*the letter begins*) HE "HAD EVERYTHING." THE LEADING LADY WAS CHARMING...



BUT AS REHEARSALS PROGRESSED, SHE GREW COLD AND THE OTHER ACTORS SHUNNED HIM. "WHAT'S WRONG WITH ME?" HE ASKED



I ASKED HIM TO STOP AT A STORE TILL I BOUGHT LIFEBOUY. "A BATH'S NOT A BATH WITHOUT IT," I EXPLAINED. HE TOOK UP HIS CUE. "I'LL HAVE SOME, TOO!" HE SAID.



HIS "B.O." DISAPPEARED. AND NOW HE'S TEAMED UP WITH THE LEADING LADY — FOR LIFE!

*HERE'S A SUMMER CUE FOR EVERYONE!

Bathe regularly with Lifebuoy! That's a good cue in any weather—and one it's disastrous to miss in hot weather. (You'd realize *how* disastrous, if you could read the *thousands* of letters we receive!) Lifebuoy's abundant, penetrating lather searches every pore, to purify, keep you safe from "B.O." (body odor).

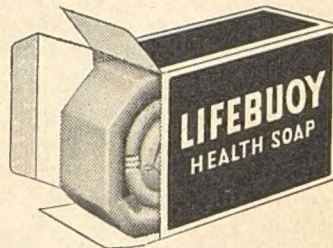
WHAT AN EXQUISITE COMPLEXION

I GIVE LIFEBOUY CREDIT



LET LIFEBOUY help your complexion to fresher, clearer loveliness! Let its creamy lather wash away pore-clogging impurities. No soap is more gentle. "Patch" tests on the skins of hundreds of women prove Lifebuoy more than 20% milder than many so-called "beauty soaps."

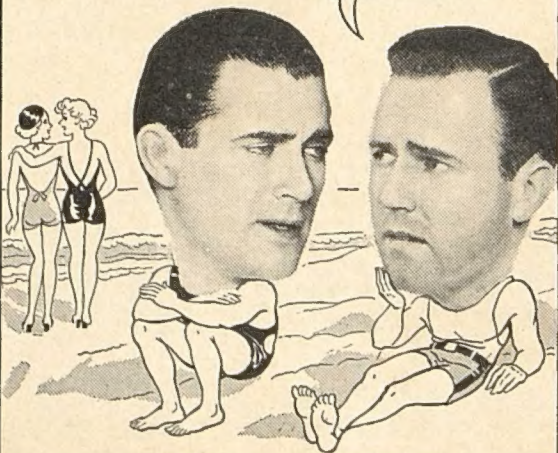
Approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau



WAY AHEAD OF OTHER LEADING SHAVING SOAPS FOR MILDNESS

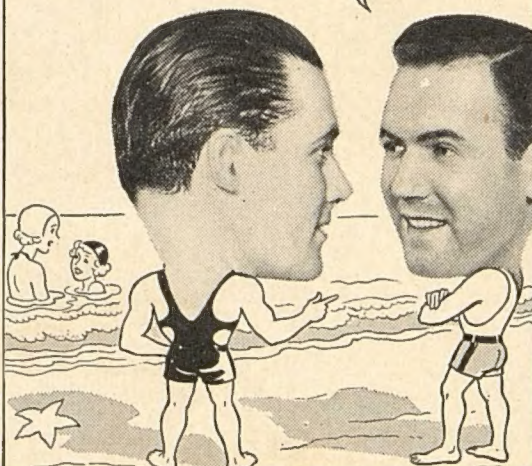
NO WONDER THE GIRLS WON'T NOTICE US — WITH THOSE WHISKERS ON YOUR CHIN. WHY ON EARTH DON'T YOU SHAVE?

BOB, WITH MY BRISTLY BEARD, SHAVING IS HARD ON MY SENSITIVE SKIN. HAVE TO GIVE MY FACE A VACATION, TOO



TRY LIFEBOUY SHAVING CREAM. ITS EXTRA-MOIST LATHER KEEPS BEARDS SOFT ALL THROUGH THE SHAVE. SAVES MONEY, TOO. I GET 120 TO 150 SHAVES OUT OF THE BIG FULL-SIZED TUBE

BOY! ME FOR THAT — RIGHT AWAY!



MAN ALIVE! MY OLD WHISKERS ARE COMING OFF LIKE A BREEZE. AND BELIEVE ME, LIFEBOUY SURE IS SOOTHING. MY SHAVING WORRIES ARE ALL OVER

Send for a FREE Trial Tube

TRY this extra-mild, extra-moist lather once, and you'll stick to Lifebuoy Shaving Cream for good. Get the big red tube at your druggist's. Or write Lever Brothers Co., Dept. A-128, Cambridge, Mass., for a Free 12-day trial tube. (*This offer good in U. S. only.*)

ITS LATHER HOLDS 52% MORE MOISTURE...STAYS WET LONGER



When Irish Eyes
are smiling...



They Satisfy

..all you could ask for